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*April 26, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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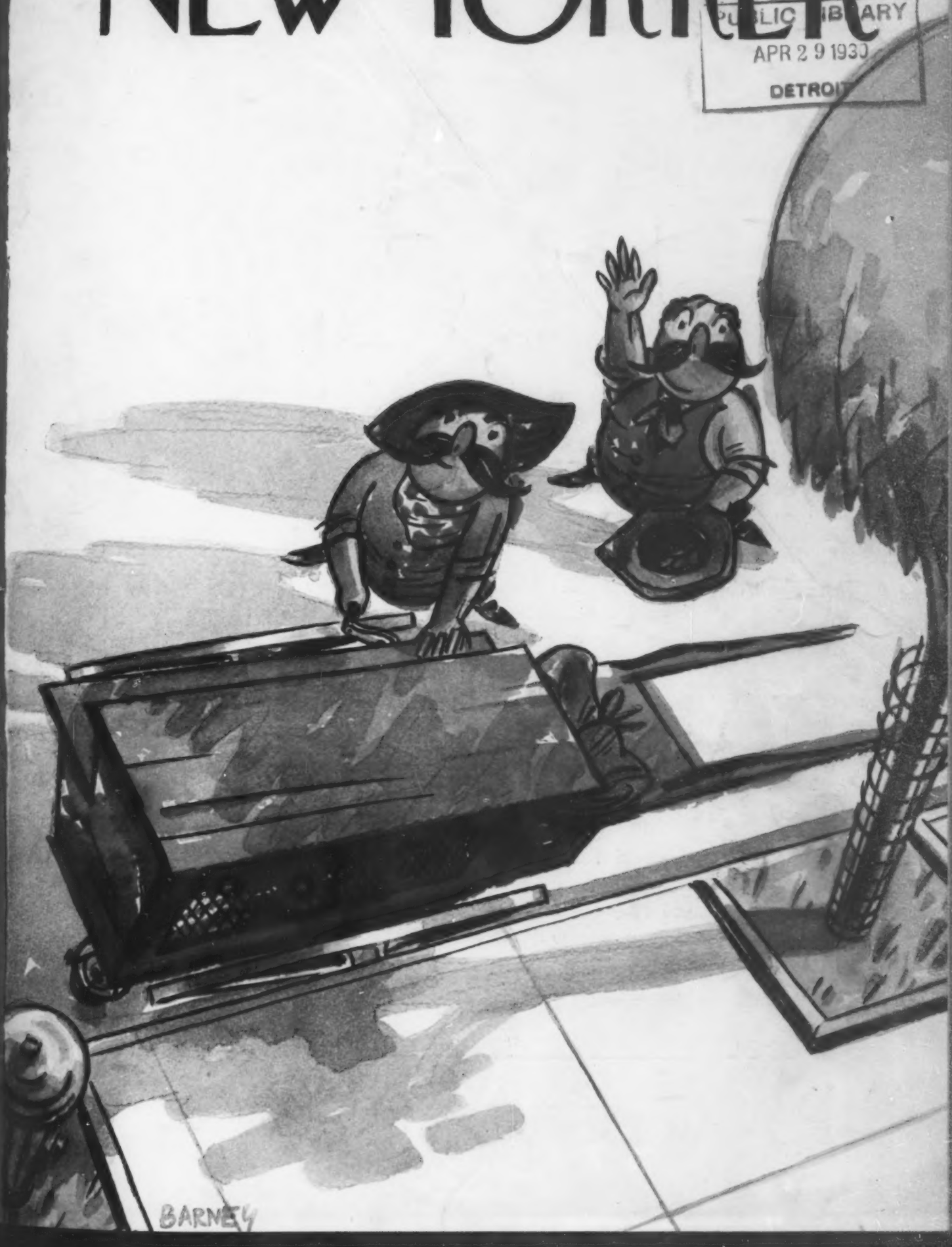

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MACY'S
34th St. and Broadway, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 3]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE APPLE CART—A great many words by G. B. Shaw all dealing in a general way with the idiocy of democracy. Entertaining when it is not tiresome. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:30 P.M.)

APRON STRINGS—A well-built and well-acted little comedy about a boy whose life was governed by posthumous correspondence from his doting mother. (48th Street, 48, E.)

BERKELEY SQUARE—Leslie Howard in something for people who like a certain delicacy in their spook plays. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (49th Street, 49, W. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 25.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Fri. and Tues. Eves., Apr. 25 and 29; Thurs. and Sat. Eves., May 1 and 3.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of Barrie's play. (Sat. Mats., Apr. 26 and May 3.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," pleasant comedy by the Brothers Quintero. (Sat. Eve., Apr. 26.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," Tchekov's exquisite play. (Mon. Eve., Apr. 28.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Jacob Ben-Ami in Tolstoi's play. (Wed. Eve., Apr. 30.) . . . "The Sea Gull," another fine Tchekov production. (Thurs. Mat., May 1.) . . . "The Master Builder," Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. (Fri. Eve., May 2.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale in a macabre account of what Death might do on his day off. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DISHONORED LADY—Katharine Cornell sweeping through a melodrama of illicit love and sudden death, and making a tense experience of it. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A more or less conventional comedy about a wife who gets her divorced husband back by her wits. It is by St. John Ervine and is immensely helped by Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's play, based on Roark Bradford's book, "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," giving a Negro's idea of the Rise and Fall of Man. A beautiful and moving thing, easily the most distinctive of the season. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 25.)

HOTEL UNIVERSE—Philip Barry's interesting and often beautiful play which tries to attain the impossible effect of Time and Space elimination by sending its characters back into their own lives before your very eyes. One of the Theatre Guild's best casts, including Ruth Gordon, Glenn Anders, and Katherine Alexander. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentleman's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The music-publishing business used as a background for some of the loudest laughs to be heard in this, or any, theatrical district. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—It may harrow you considerably to watch men being prepared for the electric chair, and killing right and left in hopeless revolt, but you should not miss this. (Harris, 42, W.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Not exactly a murder, and certainly not a mystery, but a murder mystery in A. A. Milne's best vein. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—Quiet, but rather nice, Russian comedy by Turgenev, with Nazimova heading a smoothly-running cast who portray various amorous types of early nineteenth-century Slavs. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE OLD RASCAL—Notable, if at all, because it presents William Hodge in the new rôle of an old reprobate who actually drinks and talks dirty! (Bijou, 45, W.)

REBOUND—Donald Ogden Stewart's comedy about a young lady's difficulty in getting—and keeping—married, with Hope Williams heading a good cast. Very amusing food for thought. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A subway train as the scene of a trick murder. And, what is more, you get a seat. (Republic, 42, W.)

TOPAZE—The entertaining adventures (from the French) of a hyper-honest school teacher who makes good in business by adopting business methods. Frank Morgan makes a genuine character of the hero. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

UNCLE VANYA—Jed Harris returns to Broadway with a splendid production of Tchekov's fine comedy, if you call frustration and futility comedy. Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, Joanna Roos, and Osgood Perkins are in it. (Cort, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in easily the best of Mr. Carroll's shows. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—A fast-moving trip through the American shrines in Paris, filled in with Cole Porter's songs and plenty of gags. The cast includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and especially, Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—The new musical-comedy hit, with some nice tunes, good dancing, Oscar Shaw, and the uproariously comic Bert Lahr. (Apollo, 42, W.)

LEW LESLIE'S INTERNATIONAL REVUE—Gertrude Lawrence, Harry Richman, Jack Pearl, Moss and Fontana, in a show that is a lot better than it was when it opened—which it had to be. (Majestic, 44, W.)

SIMPLE SIMON—Ed Wynn making a lot of old gags as good as new. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—A big, popular, musical show, with the incomparable Jack Donahue, and Lily Damita. (Imperial, 45, W. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 25.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—Clark and McCullough, Blanche Ring, and a fine Gershwin score, making the only satirical musical comedy in town also one of the funniest. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE LITTLE GIRLS—Good old-fashioned Viennese musical comedy, dripping with sentiment and sung by excellent voices, including those of Natalie and Bettina Hall, Charles Hedley, and Martha Lorber. (Shubert, 44, W.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—Some nice if unexciting British sketches and plenty of good music and dancing. With Jessie Matthews and Tilly Losch. (Selwyn, 42, W. Closes Sat. Apr. 26.)

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RUTH DRAPER—Don't miss this one-woman repertory company. (Comedy, 41, E. Fri., Sun., Tues., and Wed. Eves. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

SIR HARRY LAUDER—Last two days, Fri. and Sat., Apr. 25 and 26. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

DANCE RECITAL—Henri, in his last dance recital to modern music this season: Sun. Aft., Apr. 27. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 3 P.M.)

VAUDEVILLE—Maurice Schwartz, Nina Olivette, and Horace Heidt's orchestra will be at the Palace Fri., Apr. 25. (Palace, B'way at 47; 2:20 and 8:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—"The Golden Cock," presented by the Charlotte Lund Opera Co.: Sat. Morn., Apr. 26, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.) . . . Molière's "The Would-Be Gentleman," presented by the Professional Children's School: Tues. and Fri. Afts., Apr. 29 and May 2, at 3. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue refinement, but not to the dull point.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Songs by Irene Bordoni and dances by Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Dancing by Nitza Vernille and César Romero. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Where you will find Harry Richman, Marion Harris, and Smith Ballew's orchestra.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza

(Continued on page 6)

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(Continued from page 4)

4500)—Closes for the season Wed., Apr. 30; the St. Regis Roof will open Thurs., May 1. Vincent Lopez music. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—A few of the more interesting places of this type are: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with an elaborate revue and no cover charge. . . . Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, with the Koutzetzof Nicolina Trio. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusingly decorated place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—The Moscow Art, 216 W. 44, has an entertaining show. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is agreeably romantic. . . . Way down East and inexpensive: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

JOURNEY'S END—The play finely screened, with Colin Clive of the original London company probably starting out on a big American movie career. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE LOVE PARADE—Maurice Chevalier in an attractive comedy with music. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 26-28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

MAMMY—If you like minstrel-show movies you will like this one with Al Jolson. (Warner, B'way at 52; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S—John Barrymore in a mildly amusing comedy. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M. Closes Sun., Apr. 27.)

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—One of the best and liveliest of the movie revues, thanks especially to Chevalier and Jack Oakie. Don't miss the animated cartoon either. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

THE ROGUE SONG—Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan in an operetta of bandits and gypsies and Russian countesses. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

SONG O' MY HEART—Laughter and tears in the John McCormack manner, skillfully presented. (44th Street, 44, W.; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

STREET OF CHANCE—Stud poker on a big scale along Broadway, with William Powell. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Mon., Apr. 25-28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE VAGABOND KING—The musical show screened, with Dennis King singing his best. All in color. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Anna Christie," Greta Garbo as the hapless heroine of Eugene O'Neill's play; "Disraeli," George Arliss as the great Minister; "The Green Goddess," Mr. Arliss as a suave but wicked rajah in a polite melodrama.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

KING OF JAZZ—A benefit performance of the Paul Whiteman film will take place at the Roxy, Mon. Eve., Apr. 28, at midnight. Whiteman and his orchestra will appear in person and augment the Roxy orchestra for the playing of "Rhapsody in Blue." The picture will open to the public Fri., May 2. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—Movie version of Remarque's book. Opens Tues. Eve., Apr. 29, at 8:30. (Central, B'way at 47.)

ART

AMERICANS—A spring roundup of some of the younger painters—some fine new Dickinsons, Spencers, Schmidts, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

ANDRÉ—A colorful Frenchman who has a nice way of saying things said before: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

BEGINNERS—Seventh exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery. Chosen by William Zorach: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CUBISM—A stunning retrospective show of the painters who startled the world twenty years ago—Picasso, Braque, Duchamp, etc.: De Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Wed., Apr. 30.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 3]

DARK HORSES—Forty-six painters and sculptors under thirty-five meet in the Museum of Modern Art for the first time. Also, early water colors by Burchfield: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

DOWNTOWN—Paintings and sculpture by twenty contemporary American artists are on view in the new daylight gallery: Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Sculpture, water colors, pastels, and drawings by Despiau, Picasso, Dufy, Matisse, Segonzac, Laurencin, Derain, and others: Art Students' League, 215 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

HAVEMEYER—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection on view at last, and raising the Museum's batting average from .129 to .400: Galleries 20-25, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MANUSCRIPTS—An exhibit of books and manuscripts dating from the eighth to the seventeenth centuries, illustrating the formation of the English language: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

ROUAULT—One of the strange, strong men of France whom you either like or don't like. Some fine and thrilling things, but a little hard to digest: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 3.

STAGE MODELS—Twenty scale models of Cleon Throckmorton's theatrical settings: Hooper Bookshop, 21 E. 54. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

LEON THEREMIN—Ether music demonstrated by its discoverer: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 25.

GEORGES ENESCO—One of the finest contemporary musicians and his fiddle: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 25.

ROLAND HAYES—Final recital this season by this eminent singer: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 27.

ORCHESTRAS, CHORUSES, AND BALLETS

POLYPHONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Kudisch conducting; in conjunction with the American Ballet Guild: Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55, Sat. Eve., Apr. 26.

CONDUCTORLESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 26, at 8:45.

AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Clifton conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Apr. 29.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Camilieri conducting; Anna Case, soloist: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 29.

ADVERTISING CLUB SINGERS—Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 29.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CHORUS—Elgar's "King Olaf." Hall directing: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 30.

DOWN TOWN GLEE CLUB—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 2.

VASSAR COLLEGE CHOIR—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., May 3.

OPERA

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—Strauss' "Gypsy Baron," Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 25 and 26, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Apr. 26, at 2:30: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

PENN RELAYS—Broadcast from Franklin Field, Philadelphia: Fri. Aft., Apr. 25, at 3:30 and Sat. Aft., Apr. 26, at 2:30, over WABC.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Apr. 26 and May 3, at 9, over WEAF.

MOVIE STARS—Clara Bow, Ruth Chatterton, Gary Cooper, and many others: Sat. Eve., Apr. 26, at 10, over WABC.

JOHN POWELL—Pianist; and William Simmons, baritone: Sun. Eve., Apr. 27, at 9:15, over WEAF.

MARIA KURENKO—Soprano soloist: Mon. Eve., Apr. 28, at 9:30, over WEAF.

TITO SCHIPA—Tenor soloist, with Shilkret conducting orchestra: Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 10, over WEAF.

PRESIDENT HOOVER—Addressing the Chamber of Commerce, broadcast from Washington Auditorium: Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 10:30, over WABC.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Prince of Pilsen," Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 11, over WEAF.

MARILYN MILLER—In a radio version of "Sally," Sat. Eve., May 3, at 8:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium, at 3 P.M.: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. through Sun., Apr. 25-27. Yankees vs. Chicago, Fri. and Sat., May 2 and 3. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds, at 3 P.M.: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Mon. through Wed., Apr. 28-30. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Maxie Rosenbloom vs. Larry Johnson, Wed. Eve., Apr. 30; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

CREW—Triangular regatta, Yale-Columbia-Pennsylvania, on the Housatonic, Derby, Conn., Sat. Aft., May 3.

HORSE SHOWS—Brooklyn Horse Show, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 25 and 26, and Sat. Aft., Apr. 26: Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, Flatbush Ave. at Grand Army Plaza. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Grand Army Plaza Sta.) . . . Newark Horse Show, Wed. through Sat. Eves., Apr. 30-May 3, and Sat. Aft., May 3: Armory, 120 Roseville Ave., Newark (adjoining Roseville Ave. Sta., Lackawanna R.R.).

RACING—Jamaica track; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

TRACK—Annual Penn Relays, Franklin Field, Philadelphia: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 25 and 26. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia at 11 A.M. and 12 noon.)

OTHER EVENTS

CIRCUS—Last three days: Madison Square Garden, Fri. through Sun., Apr. 25-27, at 2 and 8 P.M.

AVIATION SHOW—The New York Aircraft Salon opens at Madison Square Garden, Sat., May 3, at 6 P.M.; daily thereafter noon to 11 P.M., through Sat., May 10.

CHARITY CARNIVAL—"Romance," for the benefit of the Judson Health Center: Madison Square Garden, Tues. Eve., Apr. 29, at 8.

LAMBS' GAMBOL—The annual big show: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Eve., Apr. 27, at 8:15.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON—Illustrated lecture, "The Friendly Arctic:" Explorers' Club, 544 Cathedral P'kway, Wed. Eve., Apr. 30, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Early American furniture and decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 25 and 26, at 2:15. . . . Autograph letters and first editions of Bernard Shaw; also, manuscript and first editions of Arnold Bennett: Wed. Eve., Apr. 30, at 8:15. . . . 122 paintings, including examples by Oudry, Romney, Monet, and many others: Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 8:15.

NOTE—Daylight Saving starts Sun., Apr. 27, at 2 A.M. Set clocks ahead one hour.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NO people in the world, it seems, are asked as many questions as are the American people. If it isn't the census-taker asking about radios, it's the *Literary Digest* asking about prohibition; and if it isn't the *Literary Digest*, it's one's alma mater asking for the lowdown on a fellow's sex life in the interest of sociological research. It's high time the tables were turned. It's time the American people took a poll of the *Literary Digest*, for instance. As for us, we took it all out on our census-taker. After we had obediently answered his questions, we backed him into a corner and pumped him for fifteen solid minutes. He was born in Elyria, Ohio, wears size-thirty-two drawers, has never

read "Ben Hur," and has a sister who would have married an ensign in the navy only he died. Does that help straighten things out?

THE Chrysler Building is an architectural paradox if ever there was one. Although it's the loftiest pinnacle in the city, it's pretty hard to see it now that it's up. We've been so close to it we could almost reach out and kick it, without being able actually to see it. From the Bronx it stands out plain enough, but from midtown it often just isn't to be found. Skyscrapers (it comes down to this) are gradually nullifying each other's grandeur: it's just like getting a lot of giraffes together in a room. Of course, a few of New York's buildings stand out by reason of their unique location—it's certainly no trick to see the New York Central Building, but who wants to? Then there's that squeaky old temple, the Flatiron Building; with its twenty stories it is still one of the most obvious structures in town and still the pride

and joy of out-of-towners who do the city from a bus-top.

ARCHITECTURE must be a heart-breaking art anyway. Paint a picture, write a book, and you possess your creation forever, even if it's no good. But design a building and you have it for twenty years and then a wrecker takes charge of the situation. We're so sorry for architects we're practically in tears.

WHY is it that persons who seem to be clear-eyed executives when in public office turn out to be dreamers when they return to private life? When Al Smith was in Albany he always seemed sharp as a razor. Now, as a citizen, he comes into notice only in two connections—as the sponsor of a dirigible mooring-mast, and as a backer of a somewhat creaky plan to quash theatre-ticket speculators. There is a kind of consistent quality in his work, we must admit, because the appearance at Thirty-

fourth Street and Fifth Avenue of a dirigible that needs mooring will probably be coeval with the disappearance from Broadway of ticket speculators. Al really ought to consolidate his ventures and make one colossal enterprise of them both. Maybe it would be possible to use dirigibles in getting rid of speculators.

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man on a bicycle in Fifth Avenue; a short eulogy of John James Audubon, who spent his life loafing around, painting birds; an entry in Art Young's diary, about a sick farmer who didn't know what was the matter with himself but thought it was probably biliousness; and the sudden impulse that we had (and very nearly gratified) to upend a large desk for the satisfaction of seeing everything on it slide off slowly onto the floor.

Tebo Basin

THE winter covers have been coming off some of the elegant yachts in Tebo Basin this month. About fifty

(Continued from page 4)

4500)—Closes for the season Wed., Apr. 30; the St. Regis Roof will open Thurs., May 1. Vincent Lopez music. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée, in person, and his orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—A few of the more interesting places of this type are: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with an elaborate revue and no cover charge. . . . Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, with the Koutzetzof Nicolina Trio. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusingly decorated place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—The Moscow Art, 216 W. 44, has an entertaining show. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is agreeably romantic. . . . Way down East and inexpensive: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

JOURNEY'S END—The play finely screened, with Colin Clive of the original London company probably starting out on a big American movie career. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE LOVE PARADE—Maurice Chevalier in an attractive comedy with music. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 26-28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

MAMMY—If you like minstrel-show movies you will like this one with Al Jolson. (Warner, B'way at 52; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S—John Barrymore in a mildly amusing comedy. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M. Closes Sun., Apr. 27.)

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—One of the best and liveliest of the movie revues, thanks especially to Chevalier and Jack Oakie. Don't miss the animated cartoon either. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

THE ROGUE SONG—Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan in an operetta of bandits and gypsies and Russian countesses. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 11:45 P.M., and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

SONG O' MY HEART—Laughter and tears in the John McCormack manner, skillfully presented. (44th Street, 44, W.; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

STREET OF CHANCE—Stud poker on a big scale along Broadway, with William Powell. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Mon., Apr. 25-28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE VAGABOND KING—The musical show screened, with Dennis King singing his best. All in color. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Anna Christie," Greta Garbo as the hapless heroine of Eugene O'Neill's play; "Disraeli," George Arliss as the great Minister; "The Green Goddess," Mr. Arliss as a suave but wicked rajah in a polite melodrama.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

KING OF JAZZ—A benefit performance of the Paul Whiteman film will take place at the Roxy, Mon. Eve., Apr. 28, at midnight. Whiteman and his orchestra will appear in person and augment the Roxy orchestra for the playing of "Rhapsody in Blue." The picture will open to the public Fri., May 2. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—Movie version of Remarque's book. Opens Tues. Eve., Apr. 29, at 8:30. (Central, B'way at 47.)

ART

AMERICANS—A spring roundup of some of the younger painters—some fine new Dickinsons, Spencers, Schmidts, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

ANDRÉ—A colorful Frenchman who has a nice way of saying things said before: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

BEGINNERS—Seventh exhibition of the Opportunity Gallery, Chosen by William Zorach: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CUBISM—A stunning retrospective show of the painters who startled the world twenty years ago—Picasso, Braque, Duchamp, etc.: De Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Wed., Apr. 30.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 3]

DARK HORSES—Forty-six painters and sculptors under thirty-five meet in the Museum of Modern Art for the first time. Also, early water colors by Burchfield: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

DOWNTOWN—Paintings and sculpture by twenty contemporary American artists are on view in the new daylight gallery: Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Sculpture, water colors, pastels, and drawings by Despiau, Picasso, Dufy, Matisse, Segonzac, Laurencin, Derain, and others: Art Students' League, 215 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

HAVEMEYER—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection on view at last, and raising the Museum's batting average from .129 to .400: Galleries 20-25, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MANUSCRIPTS—An exhibit of books and manuscripts dating from the eighth to the seventeenth centuries, illustrating the formation of the English language: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

ROUAULT—One of the strange, strong men of France whom you either like or don't like. Some fine and thrilling things, but a little hard to digest: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 3.

STAGE MODELS—Twenty scale models of Cleon Throckmorton's theatrical settings: Hooper Bookshop, 21 E. 54. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 26.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

LEON THEREMIN—Ether music demonstrated by its discoverer: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 25.

GEORGES ENESCO—One of the finest contemporary musicians and his fiddle: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 25.

ROLAND HAYES—Final recital this season by this eminent singer: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 27.

ORCHESTRAS, CHORUSES, AND BALLETS

POLYPHONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Kudisch conducting; in conjunction with the American Ballet Guild: Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55, Sat. Eve., Apr. 26.

CONDUCTORLESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Apr. 26, at 8:45.

AMERICAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Clifton conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Apr. 29.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Camilieri conducting; Anna Case, soloist: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 29.

ADVERTISING CLUB SINGERS—Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 29.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CHORUS—Elgar's "King Olaf." Hall directing: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 30.

DOWN TOWN GLEE CLUB—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 2.

VASSAR COLLEGE CHOIR—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., May 3.

OPERA

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—Strauss' "Gypsy Baron," Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 25 and 26, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Apr. 26, at 2:30: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

PENN RELAYS—Broadcast from Franklin Field, Philadelphia: Fri. Aft., Apr. 25, at 3:30 and Sat. Aft., Apr. 26, at 2:30, over WABC.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Apr. 26 and May 3, at 9, over WEAF.

MOVIE STARS—Clara Bow, Ruth Chatterton, Gary Cooper, and many others: Sat. Eve., Apr. 26, at 10, over WABC.

JOHN POWELL—Pianist; and William Simmons, baritone: Sun. Eve., Apr. 27, at 9:15, over WEAF.

MARIA KURENKO—Soprano soloist: Mon. Eve., Apr. 28, at 9:30, over WEAF.

TITO SCHIPA—Tenor soloist, with Shilkret conducting orchestra: Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 10, over WEAF.

PRESIDENT HOOVER—Addressing the Chamber of Commerce, broadcast from Washington Auditorium: Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 10:30, over WABC.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Prince of Pilsen," Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 11, over WEAF.

MARILYN MILLER—In a radio version of "Sally," Sat. Eve., May 3, at 8:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium, at 3 P.M.: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. through Sun., Apr. 25-27. Yankees vs. Chicago, Fri. and Sat., May 2 and 3. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds, at 3 P.M.: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Mon. through Wed., Apr. 28-30. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Maxie Rosenbloom vs. Larry Johnson, Wed. Eve., Apr. 30; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

CREW—Triangular regatta, Yale-Columbia-Pennsylvania, on the Housatonic, Derby, Conn., Sat. Aft., May 3.

HORSE SHOWS—Brooklyn Horse Show, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 25 and 26, and Sat. Aft., Apr. 26: Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, Flatbush Ave. at Grand Army Plaza. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Grand Army Plaza Sta.) . . . Newark Horse Show, Wed. through Sat. Eves., Apr. 30-May 3, and Sat. Aft., May 3: Armory, 120 Roseville Ave., Newark (adjoining Roseville Ave. Sta., Lackawanna R.R.).

RACING—Jamaica track; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

TRACK—Annual Penn Relays, Franklin Field, Philadelphia: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 25 and 26. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Philadelphia at 11 A.M. and 12 noon.)

OTHER EVENTS

CIRCUS—Last three days: Madison Square Garden, Fri. through Sun., Apr. 25-27, at 2 and 8 P.M.

AVIATION SHOW—The New York Aircraft Salon opens at Madison Square Garden, Sat., May 3, at 6 P.M.; daily thereafter noon to 11 P.M., through Sat., May 10.

CHARITY CARNIVAL—"Romance," for the benefit of the Judson Health Center: Madison Square Garden, Tues. Eve., Apr. 29, at 8.

LAMBS' GAMBOL—The annual big show: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Eve., Apr. 27, at 8:15.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON—Illustrated lecture, "The Friendly Arctic:" Explorers' Club, 544 Cathedral P'kway, Wed. Eve., Apr. 30, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Early American furniture and decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 25 and 26, at 2:15. . . . Autograph letters and first editions of Bernard Shaw; also, manuscript and first editions of Arnold Bennett: Wed. Eve., Apr. 30, at 8:15. . . . 122 paintings, including examples by Oudry, Romney, Monet, and many others: Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 8:15.

NOTE—Daylight Saving starts Sun., Apr. 27, at 2 A.M. Set clocks ahead one hour.

★

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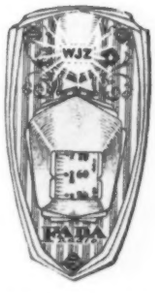

Dial plate of the Fada 40 (illustrated above) showing the Flashograph in operation, a new Fada device that announces favorite stations in lights, by name, perfectly tuned.

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APR 25 1930

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NO people in the world, it seems, are asked as many questions as are the American people. If it isn't the census-taker asking about radios, it's the *Literary Digest* asking about prohibition; and if it isn't the *Literary Digest*, it's one's alma mater asking for the lowdown on a fellow's sex life in the interest of sociological research. It's high time the tables were turned. It's time the American people took a poll of the *Literary Digest*, for instance. As for us, we took it all out on our census-taker. After we had obediently answered his questions, we backed him into a corner and pumped him for fifteen solid minutes. He was born in Elyria, Ohio, wears size-thirty-two drawers, has never

read "Ben Hur," and has a sister who would have married an ensign in the navy only he died. Does that help straighten things out?

THE Chrysler Building is an architectural paradox if ever there was one. Although it's the loftiest pinnacle in the city, it's pretty hard to see it now that it's up. We've been so close to it we could almost reach out and kick it, without being able actually to see it. From the Bronx it stands out plain enough, but from midtown it often just isn't to be found. Skyscrapers (it comes down to this) are gradually nullifying each other's grandeur: it's just like getting a lot of giraffes together in a room. Of course, a few of New York's buildings stand out by reason of their unique location—it's certainly no trick to see the New York Central Building, but who wants to? Then there's that squeaky old temple, the Flatiron Building; with its twenty stories it is still one of the most obvious structures in town and still the pride

and joy of out-of-towners who do the city from a bus-top.

ARCHITECTURE must be a heartbreaking art anyway. Paint a picture, write a book, and you possess your creation forever, even if it's no good. But design a building and you have it for twenty years and then a wrecker takes charge of the situation. We're so sorry for architects we're practically in tears.

WHY is it that persons who seem to be clear-eyed executives when in public office turn out to be dreamers when they return to private life? When Al Smith was in Albany he always seemed sharp as a razor. Now, as a citizen, he comes into notice only in two connections—as the sponsor of a dirigible mooring-mast, and as a backer of a somewhat creaky plan to quash theatre-ticket speculators. There is a kind of consistent quality in his work, we must admit, because the appearance at Thirty-

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Tebo Basin

THE winter covers have been coming off some of the elegant yachts in Tebo Basin this month. About fifty

yachts are laid up there, waiting for the season, a forest of yellow masts sharp against the blue April sky. Some of them have waited for these many years and their time has never come—a melancholy flotilla, boats either outmoded by new fashions or deserted by owners who don't care to keep them going. Harrison Williams' Warrior, William Mellon's Vagabondia, Irving Bush's Coronet, Harold Vanderbilt's O-Wera are all among the pleasure craft that are just loafing at their piers. A few such were built as long ago as the nineties, and some will wait till somebody comes along to motorize them.

All the yachts are clumsy-looking under their wooden blankets—they look more like tenement houses than like ships. Altogether there's about twenty-five million dollars' worth of them there. We took a look at some of the active boarders—Julius Fleischmann's Camargo, A. P. Sloan, Jr.'s, Rene, E. F. Hutton's Hussar, H. W. Hanan's Dauntless —all very impressive and elegant, though muffled against the weather. The skippers during the winter have an easy time of it; rather a close little social group. They serve chowder luncheons to each other in a clubroom furnished with mission chairs and charts and books.

The Basin, of course, is one of the great marine headquarters. Explorers and treasure-hunters often outfit their ships there, and when any cosmic event in maritime history happens, such as when Morgan turned over the old Corsair to the government, it happens there. Tugs, barges, and ferryboats are built there, and all kinds of important and amusing craft put in there for repairs. Beebe's wooden steamer Arcturus was fitted out there for her voyage to the Sargasso Sea, and anybody in the yards will point out the historic and holy spot from which Byrd's supply ship Eleanor Bolling and his barkentine City of New York sailed.

Science for Children

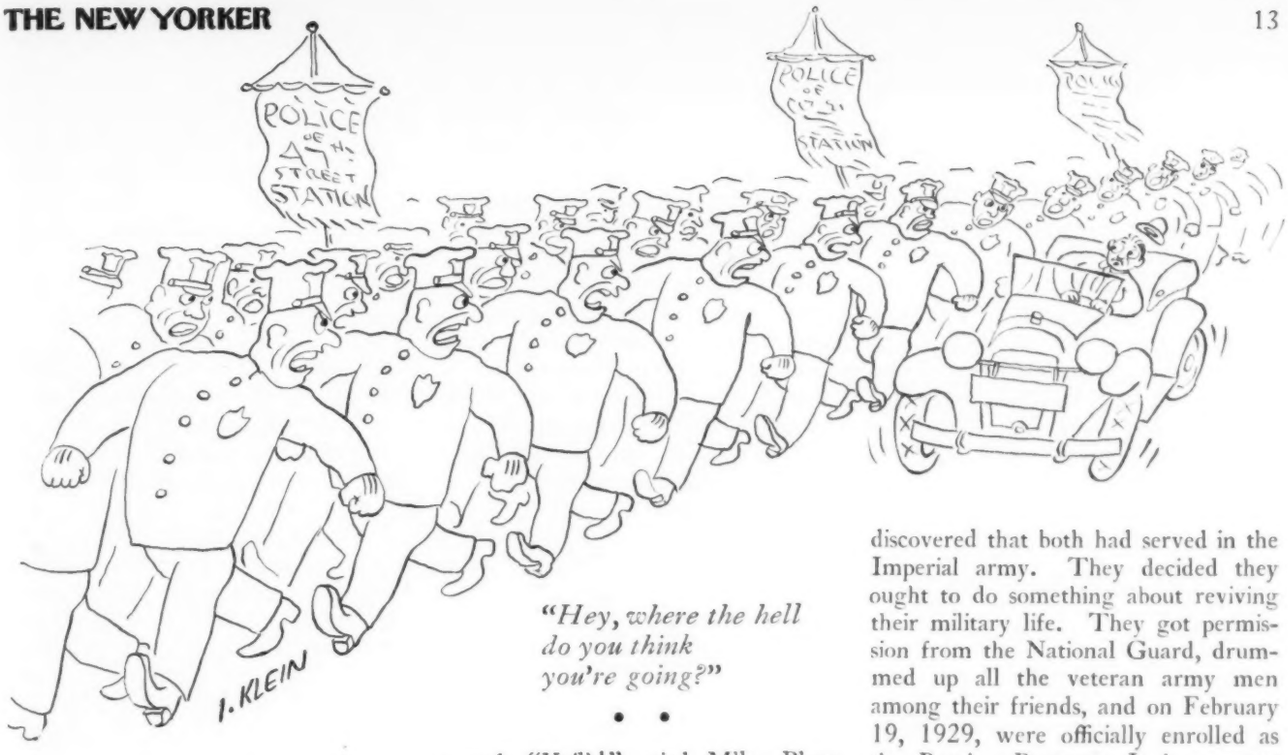
THE children in the fourth grade of one of our progressive schools were given an object lesson a week ago in what happens if you don't eat enough vitamins. At least, the object lesson was started. The teacher brought to class two little white mice, in a cage. One she called A and the other B. The children broke up *that* coldly scientific classification right away—they named one mouse Twinkle-Eye and the other Snowball. This was a blow to science, but the teacher went grimly ahead. She fed A (Twinkle-Eye) food rich in vitamins, and B (Snowball) food without vitamins, and for two or three days she called the children to bear witness to the increasing health of the vitamin-eater and the decline of the other. Unexpectedly, on the fourth day, Snowball began to pick up. On the fifth day he was as sleek-looking as Twinkle-Eye; on the sixth day he was sleeker-looking. A cold, scientific investigation revealed what was the matter. The children had been bootlegging food to Snowball on the side. Cod-liver oil.

"Oh, please, please, Dad, give me a church wedding! I'll pay for anything I break out of my allowance."

Mademoiselle

QUITE a number of people will miss Mlle. Alice Blum when she gives up her quarters in the Hotel Langwell and departs for France, which she is going to do fairly soon. She figures she won't be able to stand the rivetting when they start on the new building on the Hippodrome site, she doesn't want to move to anywhere else in New York and, having saved up a comfortable sum in her stay here, she plans to retire and live on the Riviera, where there is no danger of rivetting.

Mlle. Blum has been here for fifteen years now, and during most of that time has been recognized as one of the foremost French instructors in town. For twenty years before coming over here she had taught French to Americans in Paris. One of her first pupils over there was Myron Herrick, when he became ambassador back in 1912. She did her best with him, but he never was very good in French, pronouncing even simple words like "bon" rather badly. The prestige she gained from having him as a pupil was great. Other important people went to her, and she had considerable fame when she came to New York in 1915. At first she charged her pupils ten dollars an hour and used to visit them in their homes, even on Long Island or in Westchester. Later she made them come to her, and taught in classes. For several years her income has been about a thousand dollars a week. Her roster of former pupils includes Frank A. Vanderlip, Mrs. Edwin Gould, General J. J. Bradley, William Glackens, Anna Case, Mrs. Harry F. Sinclair, Margaret Wycherly, Mrs. Clarence Wooley, and Ada May. General Bradley came to her because of distressing experiences he had trying to get a slice of melon, of which he is quite fond, in Paris restaurants. Waiters al-



"Hey, where the hell do you think you're going?"

• •

ways brought him fish, which he doesn't care for much. They thought he said "merlan."

Mlle. Alice sits before her class in a chair against a black velvet curtain, with a spotlight playing on her face so that her pupils can see every movement of her lips when she talks. They must all repeat after her everything she says in French, whether it is part of her set instruction or not. Recently she chided two young ladies during a lesson. "You girls must not eat gumdrops," she said, in French. "You girls must not eat gumdrops," chanted her class of fifty-odd men and women. "It distorts your accent," continued the teacher. "It distorts your accent," chanted the class, army officers and all.

Mlle. Blum tosses off anecdotes and gossip about distinguished people she has known as she goes along, but she never talks about her eminent pupils. Socially prominent women she instructed in her earlier years usually requested that their names never be used in advertising. Just the other day the daughter of one such strict lady was pictured in the magazines advertising a bed. Mlle. Blum says this shows how the social structure has decayed, and all in fifteen years. The newspapers have solved many problems for Mlle. Blum. For years, for example, she had been unable to think of a short sentence in which the endings "ain," "ein," and "in," all similarly pronounced, would appear. Then the Earl Carroll bathtub incident occurred. "Voilà!" cried Mlle. Blum. "Le bain est plein de vin!"—"the tub is full of wine." She has used the sentence ever since.

Spring

PASSERSBY at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-third Street, the other day, were considerably astonished to hear, above the horns and wheels of traffic, the sound of birds. Sparrows were twittering, thrushes warbling, canaries trilling out, right in the middle of the street, where no birds should be. People stared at each other, uneasily; then the lights changed and the source of all this melody was revealed. It was the traffic cop at the intersection, a poetic sort of fellow, who was beguiling the time between blasts on his regular police whistle by performing on another kind of whistle, the kind they use in theatres for bird calls. He was imitating very well, and enjoying himself thoroughly.

Russians

IT may surprise you, as it did us, to learn that the New York National Guard has its own Foreign Legion. It is known officially as the Second Combat Train of the 244th Coast Artillery, and, with the exception of its battery commander, who is an Irishman, it is made up entirely of Russians. It was started something over a year ago, when Alexis Stupenkoff, a taxi-driver in Manhasset, and Peter Rodyenko, a fare of his, got to talking and discovered that both had served in the Imperial army. They decided they ought to do something about reviving their military life. They got permission from the National Guard, drummed up all the veteran army men among their friends, and on February 19, 1929, were officially enrolled as the Russian Battery. It is a pretty dashing organization. Most of the men, even privates, were officers in the old days. Stupenkoff, who is now first sergeant, was wounded six times in various Russian campaigns. Rodyenko is first lieutenant. He was a major in the Russian army, served in China, was decorated many times. Sergeant Diaconoff was a military judge and judge-advocate in Russia; Corporal Lehovitch's father was an assistant secretary of war under the Czar.

Great punctilio is observed in all their doings. The battery room, in the 244th Regiment armory, in Fourteenth Street, is hung with pictures of General Pershing and the Grand Duke Nicholas. Over the fireplace hangs the organization's coat of arms, crossed cannon superimposed on crossed flags of the United States and Imperial Russia. Wednesday nights they entertain, serve tea in glasses, Russian sandwiches, caviar, kiss ladies' hands, do Cossack sword and dagger dances, drink toasts to their guests, to the Battery, to everyone. Rodyenko plays the piano; Line Sergeant Gsovski, who is a member of the Russian Church choir, sings. For that matter, everybody sings, even the Irish commander, Captain C. L. McGee, who has acquired a pretty good accent in Russian.

Testimonial

ONE of the cigarette companies, we hear, got caught rather neatly, not long ago, in the course of one of their testimonial campaigns. In this one they

sent out to each of thousands of doctors throughout the country a carton of cigarettes, and a polite little note, requesting an opinion of their quality. They planned, of course, to use the replies for advertising purposes. One of the doctors solicited was a prominent New York physician who responded with a lengthy, learned, and quite unfavorable reply. He said, in effect, that the cigarettes were pretty bad, and that he could not possibly recommend them. He also forwarded a bill, charging fifty dollars for professional consultation. The cigarette company at first disputed the bill, but when the doctor got forceful and asked what they thought he was in business for anyway, they paid the amount and let it go at that.

Compound Interest

SOME of the most pleasantly musty records in town are in the vaults of the Bank for Savings, down in Fourth Avenue. This is the oldest savings bank in the state, and two or three of its original accounts dating back to 1819 are still on the books.

Probably the most diverting account is Account No. 738. This was opened in August, 1819, in the name of John S. Thorne, who was then a baby a few days old. Baby Thorne's father deposited ten dollars. Some few days later he put in five dollars more. This was the last deposit ever made in that account. The boy John grew up. The money was never withdrawn. Interest accumulated and John decayed: he ripened, grew gray, and died. Heirs discovered his passbook, and at intervals they presented it for interest crediting, thus maintaining the active status of the account. The interest credited to January, 1929, was $2,697.50. Add the original fifteen dollars and you have a gratifying total of $2,712.50.

Another queer account is listed in the bank's ledger under the simple name Adam. Adam was "a black boy in the family of John Mowatt of Pearl Street." He opened his account with a three-dollar deposit, and from time to time added a few cents—six cents, twenty-two cents, odd little amounts. Eleven years later he withdrew all but one dollar and vanished. Nothing was ever heard of him.

At present the bank has some two thousand dormant accounts, all of which have been duly reported to the New York State Banking Department, as the law requires. The amount of dormant cash in banks throughout the country is quite staggering, and there are men who make a business of ferreting out heirs to such fortunes—demanding a fee for their services. Some states have laws empowering them to seize dormant accounts after a certain number of years and put the money in the public treasury. This isn't true in New York. State officials here have been trying for years to get hold of the vast sums unclaimed in savings banks, but they haven't got them yet. The situation is: if an account is dormant for twenty years the bank, after advertising the name of the depositor, may stop paying interest.

Old-timers in the Bank for Savings are full of stories about some of the queer customers with whom they have dealt in their time. There was the woman who slipped eight hundred dollars into the receiving teller's cage with a note explaining that she had received that amount in overpayment one time several years previous and had kept it because she needed it. She requested the bank to acknowledge its receipt in the *World*—which the bank obediently did. There was the elderly gentleman who frequently entered the bank, approached the teller's window, and said: "How do you do? I want to draw out my money and also all my stock certificates." The teller, knowing the gentleman full well, would pass him out one of the bank's printed pamphlets, with which the dear old fellow would quietly depart, satisfied and happy. There was the woman who used to pay periodic visits to the bank to demand her fifty-thousand-dollar bag of jewels. The teller would ask her to have a chair for a few minutes. At three o'clock in the afternoon she would be told that the bank had closed for the day, and she would leave, without a word.

One time the bank discovered that a certain lady had opened six different accounts, under six names, all of them small. Subsequently it was learned that she had, in all, sixty-seven accounts in New York banks. Felt she needed them.

Bargain

TIMES, as one taxi-driver was telling us the other day, are bad. "Lass night I had a haul up to Riverside Drive," he said. "Old guy, he was, an' when he's payin' me off, he looks at me, an' he says: 'You're juss about my build, ain't ya? Well, I got some suits upstairs I bet would fit ya. Wanna come up an' look 'em over?' So I'm all set to hop up to his apahtment with him, but he goes right on talkin': 'Sure,' he says. 'Be a bargain for ya. I'll sell 'em to ya cheap.' An' him livin' on the Drive! I juss drove off, without a woid."

Also, further illustrating how things stand, there is the case of the butler in a Long Island home who one night at dinner heard his master and mistress discussing the possibility of making an addition to their garden this spring. The master said that what with the market crash and all he didn't feel that he could waste money on roses at this time—the landscaper's estimates were pretty high. His wife, of course, was depressed, having her mind set on the garden extension. The next day, the butler approached her. "I couldn't help hearing what was said last night about giving up your garden addition," he said, "and if you really wish to go ahead with it I should be happy to be of any assistance. I—ah—had greater luck in the market than most of us."

Prophetic Waiter

A TERRIFIC storm off Hatteras about forty-five years ago made such an impression on a sailor named Fred Misfeldt that he left his ship, glad to be alive, and got a job ashore. He is now in Robins Restaurant, 54 Broad Street, where he waits on table. Even after all these years he is so interested in weather conditions that he hands his luncheon guests, with their soup, a copy of the United States Weather Bureau's daily weather map. On the report, in an illegible scrawl, is written his own prediction—often contradictory to the government's prophecy, and often more accurate.

We dropped in there for lunch some

weeks ago. Misfeldt, a genial, plump old fellow, promptly handed us a chart (he picks them up at the Whitehall Building on his way to work in the morning). The official forecast on the chart said: "Thursday fair and warmer, diminishing northwest winds, becoming variable." On the back, the waiter had written, with complete abandon: "Severe storm thunder and lightning between evening Friday and over Sunday with a heavy wind and cold wave and snow on the heels of it." In justice to him we must admit that, before we had even finished our dessert, there was heard the low rumble of thunder.

His customers, mostly businessmen, are much amused by his hobby. They ask him regularly about the weather. We asked him if they used his advice in playing the horses, and he said he didn't think they did—at least they never gave him a cut of the winnings. Misfeldt claims he sharpened his weather nose years ago, keeping company with sailors. He also knows about barometric pressure, and doesn't scorn it.

Settling Bets

QUITE late the other night a group of men fell into an argument as to whether Rudy Vallée had been graduated from Yale, or merely went there a short time. A Yale man in the group loudly wagered ten dollars that the crooner didn't graduate. To decide the matter, someone phoned the Yale Club, where it was immediately and authoritatively stated that Mr. Vallée got his A.B. at Yale in June, 1927. One of the party, as an afterthought, snatched the phone and asked the girl operator at the other end how many times this question had been asked of the Yale Club. "Several hundred," replied the girl, wearily, "and always late at night. I don't understand why they keep picking on that boy."

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Ah, Alice, Spring again—the mating season!"

"You great big man! Where've you been all my life?"
"Oswego."

THE PEOPLE WHO HAD THE HOUSE BEFORE

[STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE NEXT TENANTS IN THE FAMOUS TWO-FAMILY HOUSE AT 21 MASSASOIT STREET, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS]

OCTOBER 1, 1930—Moved in today. Everything looks all right, clean, etc. The people who had the house before us were evidently good housekeepers. They *did* take away all the electric-light bulbs and base-plugs, but they probably paid for them themselves and so were within their rights. They might have left us the patent faucets on the bathtub, though. We can't fill the tub without dishing water over from the washbowl.

One thing they did leave which seems kind of strange. Each room has an insurance calendar hanging in it and on the hall window-seat there is a pile of data on the New York Life Insurance Company's special twenty-year endowment policy.

OCTOBER 14—A rather peculiar thing happened today. We were sitting in the living-room when a couple of newspaper reporters with big cameras came up to the door and asked if we would mind sitting out on the porch and having our pictures taken. I said that I would have to put on my collar first, but the man said that it would make a better picture without it. More democratic, he said. He even said if I had those overalls handy to put them on. I said "What overalls?" and he just winked.

When we got out on the porch into the light, the photographers seemed a little surprised and sort of disappointed and talked together in a low tone. Then one of them said: "Who lives in the other side of the house?" I said that I didn't know as we had just come to town ourselves from the West, but I thought their name was Walters. "You just moved in yourselves?" he asked, looking rather suspicious. "Weren't you ever President of the United States?" I laughed and said not that I knew of, but that a few years ago there was a week when I was on the Shriners' Convention that I might have been almost anything. "No, it would have had to have been longer than a week," he said. Then he said to the other man: "Pack up your things, Ed. We got the wrong house." And Ed said: "We should have ought to have done this job last spring when we got the assignment."

So they went away and we never got our picture taken.

OCTOBER 20—This afternoon the telephone rang and Edith answered it and Central said that the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in New York City wanted to speak. So I went, being a great reader myself, and a girl's voice said that she was speaking for Mr. Wong or Long and that my copy for the January number was due. I said that I hadn't got my copy of the November number yet, and she said, "Not the copy *of*, but the copy *for*, the January number." So I hung up.

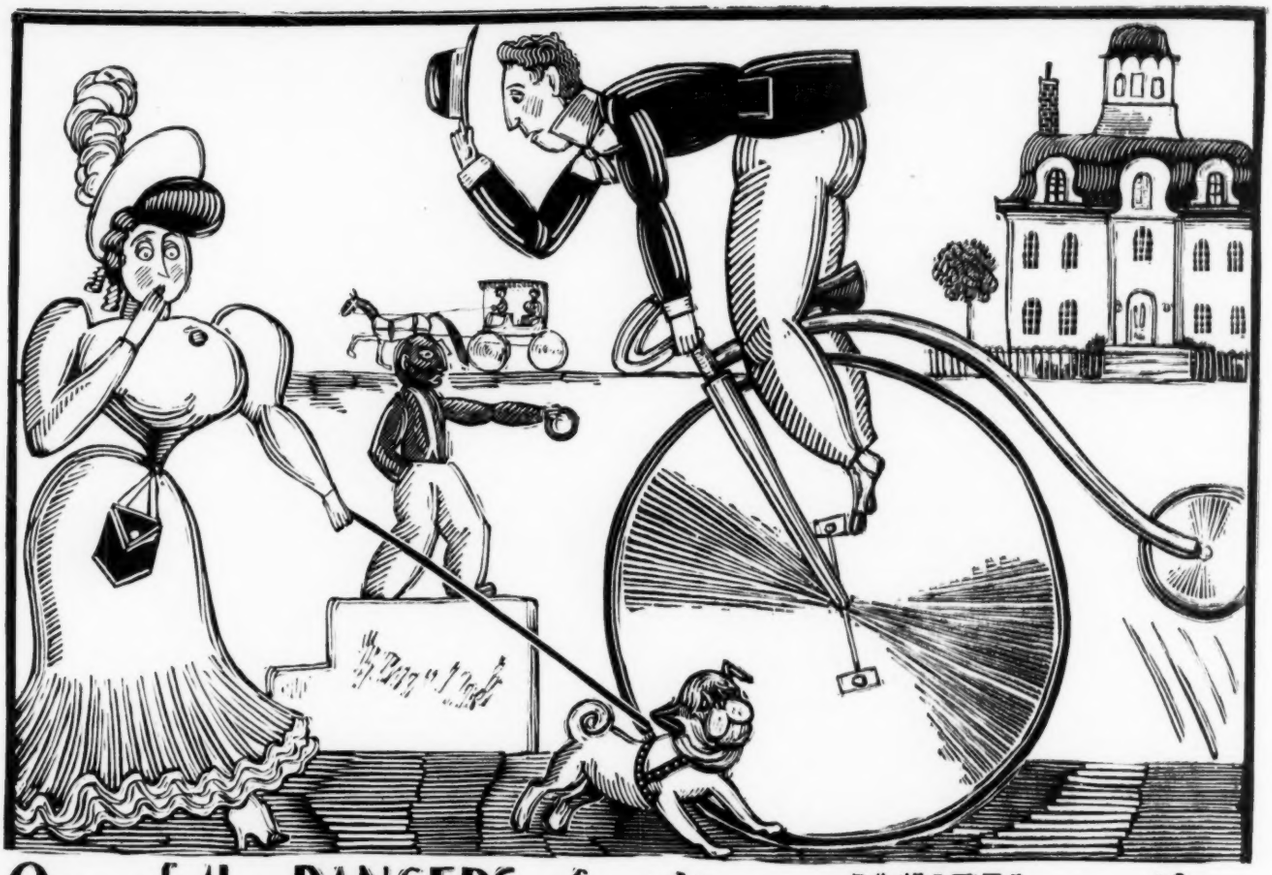
OCTOBER 21—We ran across something in the attic today which may explain something about the *Cosmopolitan* episode—but not much. Up behind one of the posts where we were putting our trunks Edith found a lot of yellow papers with "Cosmopolitan" typed in the upper left-hand corner of each. The first one had some sort of article begun on it, about a paragraph. It began: "My early life in Plymouth was just about the same sort of life that every God-fearing, healthy boy of that time was leading." The next sheet had much the same sentence as a starter, only a few words longer. In the margin were some figures scribbled, which as near as we could make out were: "$1.00 per word. 23 words. $23." The next sheet had the same sort of sentence only much longer: "I think that I may say without exaggeration that the early days of my boyhood, lived, as they were, amid the green hills of Plymouth, Vermont, were just the sort of days, taken one by one, as those which go to make up the average day of the typical healthy, God-fearing, honest and thrifty American boy of today in a town the size of Plymouth, Vermont, where Nature has a chance to imbue the growing youth with the principles of steadfast and pious observance of the laws of God and of the United States of America." In the margin beside this were the figures: "96 words @ $1.00. $96.00," and a note: "Ask Long about hyphenated words."

As none of it seemed to make much sense, we threw the whole bunch of papers away.

OCTOBER 23—Edith swore she saw a man wearing a cowboy suit hanging around the front walk tonight. I told her not to be silly, that there were no cowboys in Northampton.

OCTOBER 24—This thing is beginning to get on my nerves. This afternoon four Indians in full regalia came up on the porch and rang the bell. Edith answered and the biggest Indian asked for "Big White Chief." Edith told him that our name was Meakins and that maybe he wanted Walters, who lived in the other half of the house. The big Indian shook his head and said: "Come to pay call on Big White Chief. How-do?" Edith said: "I'm all right, thank you, but nobody here knows any Indians." Then she called to me and said: "Unless you do, George. Do you know any Indians?" I called back and simply said: "No." So Edith got a little cross by this time and said: "And what is more, we don't want any sweet-grass baskets, either,

"The new planet has changed everything. I have to alter your encounter with a dark woman to a capacity for hard, arduous work."



One of the DANGERS of riding a WHEEL on the Sidewalk Eng. by JOHN HELD JR in a moment of whimsey

so get along with you, all four of you." This sent the Indians into a conference on the front steps and Edith came into the house and locked the door. We watched them from the bay window until they went away. I don't like the looks of things in this neighborhood.

October 25—Well, things have about reached a climax. I saw the cowboy tonight. He was walking up and down in front of the house about half past ten. I watched him for a little while and saw him go around to the back of the house. I put the lights out and waited. Pretty soon I heard a key in the lock and the cowboy came in the front door walking very quietly. I snapped on the light and said: "I suppose you're looking for those Indians. Well, they went away yesterday." He seemed a little embarrassed. "Did you find any yellow papers here?" he asked. He talked more like a farmer than a cowboy, through his nose sort of. I said: "Yes, what's it to you?" He said: "They were typewritten only on one side, weren't they?" I said I hadn't looked on both sides. "They belong to me," he said, "and I wanted to use them up on the other side." I told him that he was too late and that we had thrown them away. "And where did you get a key for this house?" I asked him. "I used to live here," he said, and walked out. I called up the police and they said that there was a State Hospital near here and probably one of the inmates was loose, and if I saw him again to let them know right away.

October 26—The Indians came back today, bringing another one with them. We didn't go to the door and watched them from the bay window until they went away. A small crowd gathered outside and began to cheer. We decided that they were from the State Hospital too, and Edith said she thought we ought to move.

October 27—Edith got so nervous last night thinking she heard the cowboy and the Indians again that we put some things into a suitcase and spent the night at the Draper Hotel. Have given up the house and are going to live in Holyoke.

—Robert Benchley

SHADOWS

The spider spins a silken web
  Among the leaves.
Behind him, on the sunny wall,
  His shadow weaves
A web of shadow, strand on strand
  Of darkness, spun
Curiously from nothingness
  By spider and sun.

The lilac lifts a scented spire
  Upon the air.
Behind her on the sunny wall,
  And no less fair,
The shadow shapes of leaf and bloom
  Are strangely stirred
By winds without a shadow
  Blowing unheard.

Here only, where in phantom world
  The spider weaves
Web of illusion, bodiless
  In shadow leaves,
Is peace, and yet what living heart
  Could know content
Where spiders did not stab with stings,
  Lilacs with scent!

—Jean Batchelor

SPRING REHEARSAL

"NOW," said Mr. Richardson, sternly, "we'll run through the first act again." The Pelham-Chester Little Theatre Players responded to this unexpected announcement with groans, sighs, and one or two O-my-Gods.

"It's twenty after ten now," said the Babe of the play (they were doing "Ned McCobb's Daughter"). Babe had a date at ten-thirty. Mr. Richardson ignored him.

"All right, now, let's go—give us the opening line, Carrie," said Mr. Richardson. Carrie, being the lead, did not object to late rehearsing. She read the first line of the play brightly, and then repeated it, over and above, or rather in and under, a great mumbling, and scraping of chairs, and general shifting about. Someone dropped a small tin tray.

"Quiet—qui-et!" shouted Mr. Richardson. He was slightly flushed. Until now he had held his temper remarkably well for a man who had never directed amateurs before. "I suppose you got to let them have their horseplay the first two or three rehearsals," he had said, with genial calmness, "and they'll get over it. Ride them, and they think it's smart to act up—if they see they're getting to you." Mr. Richardson was a professional—both director and actor—and he was used to discipline. At the third rehearsal his indulgent smile had begun to take on the appearance of a fixed grimace, but he had kept a firm hold on himself. Tonight they were beginning to get to him. It was infernally cold in the little clubroom the Pelham-Chester Players used for rehearsals. And he was beginning to despair of Ned McCobb's Daughter, otherwise Mrs. John Melton-Bragdon; she was having almost no success in making her naturally soft and cultured voice sound like the voice of Carrie, the hardy, rustic Maine woman, daughter of a sea captain. This is bound to get to a director in time.

"Cathance, Winnigance, Skowhegan, and Arousick," crooned Carrie softly, once more repeating the first line of the show. "Funny names, aren't they?"

"Not '*aren't* they,' Mrs. Bragdon!" bawled Mr. Richardson, "'*ain't* they' —'*ain't* they'—you keep forgetting that. You're not a Westchester matron now, you're a plain Maine woman." This was the first time the director had actually bawled out Mrs. Melton-Bragdon (lovely and haughty wife of one of the wealthiest soft-drink manufacturers in the East) and she resented it. "Do you wish me to read that line again?" she asked coldly.

"Yes," said Mr. Richardson, "yes." He pulled his overcoat around his shoulders. "Please," he said. There was a new draught tonight, from somewhere, damn it.

"Cathance, Winnigance, Skowhegan, and Arousick," said Carrie Melton-Bragdon. "Funny names, *ain't* they?" Mr. Richardson, hunting, unhappily, for his handkerchief, winced.

"Names ain't the only things strike me as funny 'bout the State of Maine," took up the First Federal Man, and the play began to lurch along, like an old circus wagon. In exactly three more speeches, however, Mrs. Melton-Bragdon came to one of her numerous *bêtes noires*, in the shape, this time, of the line "I declare, every now and then, I jest want to git up and go and be and do like the men kin." It usually took about four minutes to unsnarl Mrs. Melton-Bragdon once she got wrapped up in that speech; tonight it took six; she finally had to chant it slowly, like a little child. Meanwhile, the Second Federal Man, who has the next speech, had disappeared.

"SECOND Federal Man!" howled Mr. Richardson. The Second Federal Man was rolling dice in a little room off left. You could hear him. "Ha-yah!" he would say, "ha-yah!" —which was his way of addressing the dice.

"Second Fed-er-al Mayan!" bawled Mr. Richardson, nastily.

"Here!" shouted that worthy, scurrying on stage. He stared blankly at the situation. "Oh—ah—evenin', Carrie," he said. Now this happens to be his entrance line late in the second act, so that in giving it here he skipped exactly one hundred and thirty-two pages of dialogue. To Mrs. Melton-Bragdon, however, a cue was a cue, let the acts fall where they may. "Evenin' yourself," she said. "Whatever you doin' here this time of night?" This remarkable double-shift was something Mr. Richardson had never encountered before in his life. A smallish man, he began to grow unnaturally large and purple. He seemed about to burst. His overcoat fell off his shoulders.

"No, no, no!" bellowed Mr. Richardson. "No, no! For God's sake, no! 'S enough to make God Almighty mad!" His choice of the last expression was an unfortunate one for it is an actual line in the play, answered by Carrie, and it cued the bewildered Mrs. Melton-Bragdon.

"I *ain't* God Almighty," said Mrs. Melton-Bragdon, quite naturally, perhaps, when you consider that she thought he was prompting that line. The action, in this way, lurched about twenty-two pages nearer the first act, but was still pretty far from where it ought to be.

"Am I dead here or not?" asked Captain McCobb, who dies at the end of the first act, and who asked the question just to be funny.

"Stop it! Stop it!" cried Mr. Richardson. "Stop—all of you, *stop!*" All stopped. Mr. Richardson sat down on the broken chair (there is always a broken chair at little-theatre rehearsals), removed to another one, and stared at the floor.

"Sorry," muttered the Second Federal Man. There was a full minute's silence.

"CATHANCE, Winnigance, Skowhegan, and Arousick," began Carrie again, employing her most fetchingly charming accent—the one she used on Mr. Melton-Bragdon when he was out of sorts. "Funny names, aren't—no—funny names, *ain't* they?"

"Names ain't the only things strike me funny 'bout the State of Maine." . . . The play ran on, at first almost in a whisper. Then it began to pick up. The actors were really concentrating now. They knew Mr. Richardson was mad. Gradually he began to show interest. Five pages of dialogue went along swimmingly and he actually began to take hope. At this point Carrie and the character known as Nat Glidden approached the horrible place at the

OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

I'M PROUD TO ADMIT THAT I'M BLUSHING

I

A crowd of "Ritzy" youngsters
Who had danced the night away,
In Childs had stopped for breakfast.
Their spirits still were gay.
As they ate their talk was "sexy,"
There were risqué tales and verse,
Which were greeted with loud laughter
As they went from bad to worse.
But one girl seemed uneasy,
And when her cheeks with shame grew red,
A youth was quick to note it,
And tauntingly he said:
"Well, see Baby Belle, *she's* blushing
I swear she's going to cry.
Did we shock you?" Here she stopped him
And thus bravely did reply:

REFRAIN

"I'm proud to admit that I'm blushing—
You may say, if you like, I'm a prude—
At your stories, your jokes, and your verses,
Which I think just disgusting and lewd.
With so much in life that's engaging,
It would seem to me—once in a while—
Some relief you might find in a subject refined,
Unless you *prefer* to talk vile."

II

Her reply—so unexpected—
Brought silence to them all,
Though *some* showed slight resentment
And said, "Her bluff let's call."
But spoke one, a lad more thoughtful,
"Belle is right, we ne'er discuss
A thing that's *halfway* decent;
And I doubt if *one* of us
Has brains enough to do it,
But by Gad! I'm going to try.
Come, Belle, let's go. One convert
You've made and that is I."
And so firm was his conversion
That before a month had fled,
His bride to be she'd promised,
For he loved her when she said:

REFRAIN

"I'm proud to admit that I'm blushing—
You may say, if you like, I'm a prude—
At your stories, your jokes, and your verses,
Which I think just disgusting and lewd.
With so much in life that's engaging,
It would seem to me—once in a while—
Some relief you might find in a subject refined,
Unless you *prefer* to talk vile."

—C. KNAPP

• •

bottom of page 9 of the script where there is mention of thirteen hundred and fifty dollars. Mrs. Melton-Bragdon, somewhere along in here, says, or is supposed to say, "You'll build my kitchen for twelve hundred dollars or as sure as Hell's a mantrap I'll build it myself." When the play was first read Mrs. Melton-Bragdon had unfortunately raised this amount to "twelve thousand dollars," a slip which, as everyone who has ever taken part in amateur theatricals knows, is likely to constitute an interesting psychological problem. At the first and second rehearsals, indeed, Mrs. Melton-Bragdon had still made it twelve thousand dollars and that had moved certain wags in the cast to magnify amounts of money which, in the course of the play, they too have to mention. Captain McCobb himself had raised his "two thousand dollars" up to as high as two hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Richardson had allowed all of this early horseplay to go unrebuked on the first couple of nights, and now it came back to roost on his distraught shoulders.

"Carrie," said Nat, "I kin build your kitchen for thirteen hundred and fifty and I can't build it for a penny less."

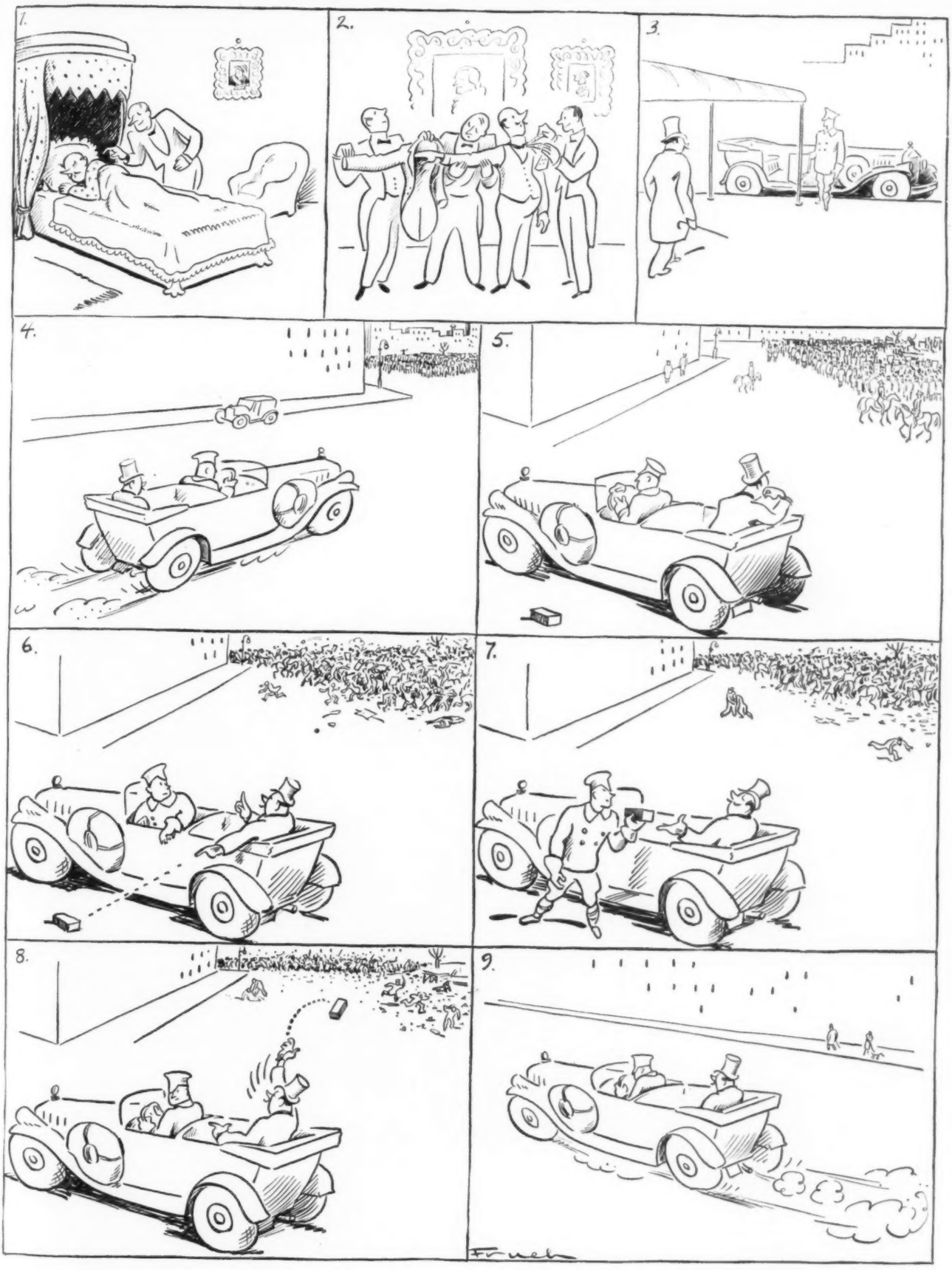
"You'll build my kitchen," said Carrie McCobb Melton-Bragdon, "for twelve hundred thousand—for twelve hundred—for twelve, now wait—oh—for twelve hundred dollars as sure as Hell—"

"Miss-us Bragdon!" bellowed Richardson (who always left out the "Melton"), "I'll ask you to be good enough to remember that you are not now the wife of a millionaire, but a plain, honest-to-God woman, a woman of—"

"And I'll ask *you* to remember, Mr. Glidden—Mr. Richardson," said Mrs. Melton-Bragdon, "that you are not now addressing a common ordinary actress such as you are used to associating with, but—"

"Now, now, can't we all just take it over again from here?" put in the Lawyer Grover of the cast, an old and peaceable gentleman.

"Hopeless, hopeless!" bawled Mr. Richardson. "You're all hopeless!" He went to his chair and sulked. His outburst was followed by a long, tense silence. The Second Federal Man lighted a cigarette and jiggled his dice in his hand—bright expensive dice, for he was a Harvard man. The others stirred uneasily. Mrs. Melton-Bragdon arose, with tight lips, and found her hat and coat. She put them on, without a word. Mr. Richardson sighed. Slowly he got to his feet and slowly he began a march toward Mrs. Melton-Bragdon, to apologize. "Thursday at eight, and let's all get down to business," he said to the cast at large. They began to file out, laughing and talking. He continued his march toward Mrs. Melton-Bragdon, whose back was turned as she fingered unnecessarily at the buttons of her gloves. Mr. Richardson felt very tired. —JAMES THURBER



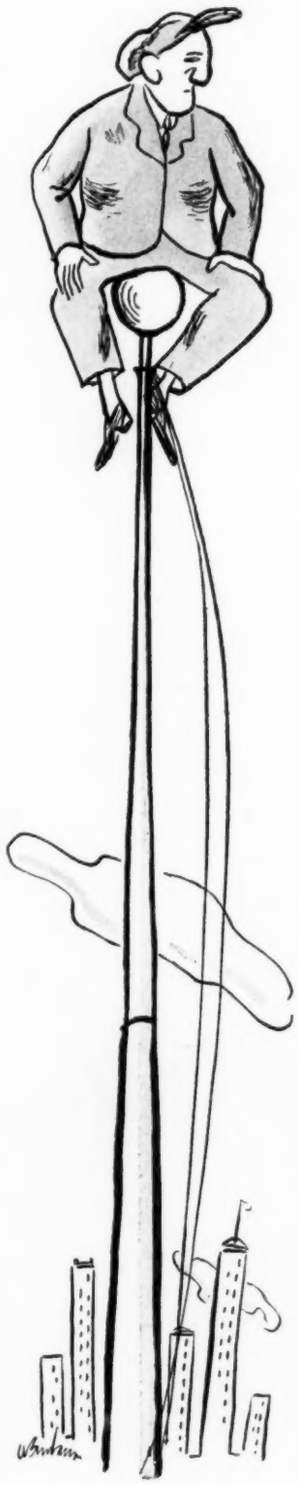
A FORMER MAN OF THE PEOPLE, GROWN WEALTHY, ATTENDS A MAY-DAY RIOT

PROFILES

UP FROM HELL'S KITCHEN

THE man who sits on flagpoles around town and around the country is Alvin Shipwreck Kelly. You may have seen him, in February, exposed to the sharp weather on top of Proctor's 125th Street Theatre or, before that, above the roof of the Prospect Theatre in Brooklyn. If you didn't catch him there, perhaps you saw him a year or so ago sitting on a makeshift pole in Madison Square Garden watching the crazy marathon dancers stagger around the floor under him.

Kelly has been sitting and standing on flagpoles a great part of the time, day and night, during the last six years. In 1929, for example, he was on various flagpoles in different cities of the country a total of one hundred and forty-five days and six hours, between a third and a half of the year.



Alvin Shipwreck Kelly

THE notion that it would be a swell idea for Kelly to sit on a flagpole did not come first to him, but to a production manager for a movie company in Hollywood. It was in January, 1924. Kelly was doubling for a star in the more acrobatic and dangerous scenes of a picture in the making. After watching the grinning young Irishman, then just turning thirty, perform some comical and hair-raising maneuvers as a steeplejack, the production manager asked him if he thought he could sit on the ball of a flagpole for ten hours. "Because, if you can," said the production manager, "it would be the greatest advertising stunt ever staged, and I can get you a good place to do it right away."

"Sure I can," said Kelly.

The idea was at once proposed to a Los Angeles moving-picture-theatre owner, who instantly recognized it as Something Big if it would work, but he was skeptical—nobody could sit on a round ball at the tip of a flagpole for ten hours. Kelly said he could and, to back up his confidence, made a side bet with the theatre owner. At 10 A.M. on January 13 he was hoisted to the top of the pole. When he got there he found the ball was thirteen inches in diameter. This didn't bother Kelly. To show his disdain for superstitions he stayed on the ball thirteen hours and thirteen minutes. He won his bet, his first professional fee, and intense interest from the citizenry. While he was up in the air such crowds formed in the streets that police reserves had to be kept on duty to preserve order. No sign was put up to tell what was going on. The theatre man had set up an information booth in the lobby to explain and this brought people into his palace. Many of them, being there, bought tickets of admission to see the show. That was the subtlety of it. Many of the people wanted to go on the roof to get a closer view, but the theatre management wouldn't allow this. Out of this mass desire, however, grew one of Kelly's several schemes for making money out of flagpole-sitting—an admission charge to those who want to go on the roof.

Kelly came down from the ball determined to make flagpole-sitting a career. He has been at it ever since, sitting on flagstaffs in a hundred or more cities. Five thousand hours of the past six years have seen him etched, in magnificent loneliness, against all sorts of skies. Seventeen of the hours were filled with snow, two hundred and sixteen with freezing temperatures, six hundred with rain and sleet and electrical storms. It's been worth it. Kelly is affluent. He is at the head of his profession. He has captured that fleeting phantom, fame. He associates with substantial people on a basis of equality, is invited to lunches and dinners. He is the guy in the sky. Pretty good for a gamin of Hell's Kitchen, New York, born an orphan.

KELLY'S beginning here was amidst ominous portents. His father was killed seven months before he was born; his mother died at his birth. Francis Anthony Kelly, the parent, was a foreman rigger. One day he climbed to the top of a derrick and when he got up there his assistant pulled the wrong lever, dropping him to his death. When the mother died too, this assistant adopted the infant Kelly and included him in his own numerous family. The babe was christened Aloysius Anthony. He grew up to blush at this imposing alliteration and, long before he was ten, on his own authority, dropped it and took his grandfather's name, Alvin. The cognomen "Shipwreck" came in later years, but to these we must not come too swiftly, for we are dealing with a checkered life and might easily become confused. Kelly has been many things. He didn't settle down on top of a ball until after he had batted—that is the *mot juste*—around the world for seventeen years.

Early the Hell's Kitchen boy showed a disposition for adventure, with a strong impulse to climb things, which may have been inherited. In the seventh year of his age he and some of his playmates one day called an old man names. The old man proved unexpectedly fast on his feet and cornered the whole bunch in a back yard. He captured all but Alvin, who shinned up a long pole used to support clotheslines, reached a rope opposite a fourth-story window, and began working his way across it, hand over hand, toward a fire escape. He made it, and the old

gentleman, his anger disappearing in breathlessness, coaxed him down for a handshake. Two years later much of Hell's Kitchen turned out to watch a human fly climb the front of a West Side building. When the fly didn't show up the crowd became restive and ugly, and policemen were called out. It was Alvin who saved the situation. Darting suddenly under the arm of one of the cops, he got his foot in a crevice in the front of the building, his hands into another and, before anyone could do anything about it, was halfway to the cornice.

At thirteen Kelly ran away to sea. He remained a sailor off and on for fifteen years, with interludes during which he was variously a structural steelworker, rigger, steeplejack, high-diver, airplane stunt-performer with a license as pilot, boxer, and movie double—hazardous occupations all. Kelly was really lashing about for distinction. He early realized he couldn't be the world's greatest sailor, or the world's greatest structural ironworker—and what of it, if he were?—but he was determined to be the world's greatest something. For a time he thought he might become the world's greatest boxer, but he was disillusioned in this. In England he won three successive battles by knockouts, but subsequently in America he lost eleven straight against second-raters you never heard of. Not through a maritime mishap, but through this, he came into the name "Shipwreck." He fought as Sailor Kelly, and being knocked prone or supine so often, men who followed his fights got to remarking, "Sailor Kelly's been shipwrecked again."

"She's such an April child—today gay and happy, tomorrow melancholy and depressed."

AFTER Shipwreck's highly successful début in Los Angeles he determined to do flagpole-sitting in the grand manner. He made a tour of most of the big cities of the West, sitting atop some of the best poles out there. Twenty-eight cities saw him in the next two years. One of them was New Orleans and there, for the first time, he went in for endurance sitting. He established a record of one hundred hours. Possibly he chose New Orleans for this out of sentiment, for it was here that, while still an amateur, and quite unwillingly, he sat on his first flagpole. One night, in his seagoing, prizefighting days, he had got into an argument in a poolroom with some husky New Orleans lads about Dempsey and Carpentier. Kelly declared that Dempsey had at least driven a couple of rivets in ships during the war, and that Carpentier hadn't even done that. In their annoyance the New Orleans boys, who were of French descent, threw Kelly out of a fourth-story window. It was closed at the time but Kelly went right through nevertheless. On his way down, at about the second floor, he grabbed something long and wooden and stuck to it—a flagpole.

In 1927 Kelly took up endurance sitting with real seriousness. In June he made the great record of three hundred and twelve hours on the pole of the St. Francis Hotel in Newark. He didn't beat that for two years,

"Have you any house rules? I'm a pigeon-fancier."

• •

until, at Carlin's Park, Baltimore, he set the record that still stands—twenty-three days and seven hours.

WHILE Kelly sits mostly, sometimes he stands. His standing record is one hundred and twenty-five hours, one minute—on a pole in Nebraska. When he began his career he sat or stood on whatever ball happened to be on the flagpole chosen. He still does this, but he has conceived the idea of screwing a ten-inch automobile brake drum on the top of the sphere and covering it with a rubber cushion. This is more comfortable, and safer. His only other safety measure is a strap fastened to the pole and one leg, or a strap to both legs when he is standing. While aloft Kelly bathes, shaves, brushes his teeth, etc., with the aid of a cup and bucket swung around his neck. He has an attendant who sends these up by a rope. When he wants to sleep he locks his feet around the pole, places his elbows on his thighs, and cups his chin in his hands. He then sticks a little finger in each corner of his mouth. Braced this way, any movement is usually enough to wake him. His practice is to doze for only twenty minutes anyway, so he doesn't get soundly to sleep. His attendant is instructed to awaken him by shouting if he doesn't arouse himself at the end of twenty minutes. This was adopted as a necessary precaution after what might have been a serious mishap. Once Kelly slept for half an hour, to be awakened by shouts from below as he was about to take a dizzy slide off the ball. He recovered himself, but his roof assistant was unnerved by the experience, and kept shouting to Kelly every minute or two during his nap periods. He never did regain his nerve, poor devil, and finally Kelly had to fire him.

Up in the sky Kelly bundles up in sweatshirts and extra pants. He bills himself as "The Luckiest Fool Alive," but privately he attributes his success to his excellent constitution. He likes to talk about his body—as an artist does his work. In Kansas City once a blizzard came up and ice formed on his legs. He chopped it away with a toy hatchet someone had given him as a memento of Washington's Birthday, scarring his legs, he found out later. But he didn't take cold. A simple outlook on life sustains him through zero weather. A few months ago, sitting on a pole in Albany, the temperature fell to seven below. From where he sat, Kelly could see into the rooms of a nearby hospital, and he reflected that, after all, a lot of people were worse off than he. The possibility that the same thought might be in the minds of some of the patients in the hospital didn't come within the range of his philosophy. On the whole, his life seems pretty good to him. "I've figured it all out," he said, "and there isn't any danger of falling. I don't take as many chances as a window-cleaner. As for the tough weather, I've studied my body and know how to treat it." The fact that he is denied the pleasures of the table for weeks at a time doesn't bother him. He fasts every few weeks anyhow, especially if he is feeling bad. It's his remedy for everything—since years ago when a ship's doctor told him drugstores had ruined more people than saloons. At work he subsists mostly on orange juice, coffee, and water. The coffee, along with cigarettes, was added when he began to advertise various products, as a means of greater earning. He never goes right to bed after leaving the pole—it's a bad idea not to get some exercise. He usually makes a personal appearance at the theatre and then will go to a dance or somewhere. He always looks cheery, but not handsome, his nose being flattened. He was struck by a foul tip one day as a boy when catching without a mask. "One of the few foolish risks I ever took," he says.

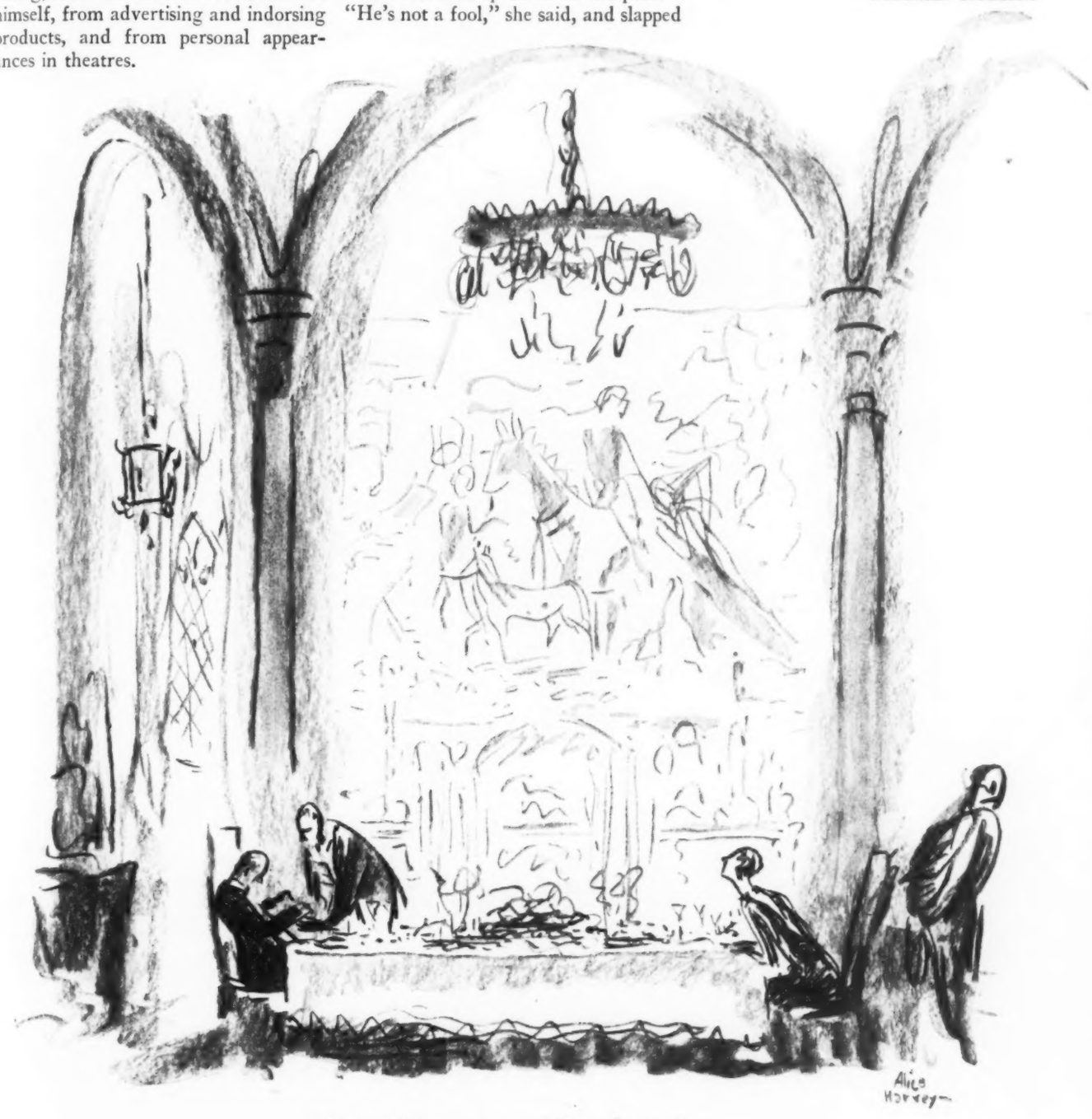
In discussing himself Kelly, otherwise a plain, blunt man, is likely to surprise you with the phrase "superior coördination." This goes back to an early adventure. While doing a stunt he fell out of an airplane about thirty feet off the ground. He landed on his feet and then, thinking quick, put out his arms, making a cartwheel, and spun along until he wore out his momentum. He was rushed to the hospital, where the doctors were astounded to discover that the only damage done was to his hands and trousers. "Superior coördination," said one of the doctors. When Kelly found this didn't

mean any kind of disease, he made the term his own.

HE is as sound now financially as physically. For the first two years he averaged from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars a day while working. When he got to staying up longer he made as high as five hundred. The three hundred and twelve hours in Newark netted six thousand dollars, receipts from roof admissions alone amounting to three thousand. He has an income from this gallery always—from the man who hires him to do the sitting, from the sale of booklets about himself, from advertising and indorsing products, and from personal appearances in theatres.

Occasionally the great sitter is razzed. When he was making his record of twenty-three days and seven hours in Baltimore, a gang of hoodlums formed the Keep Kelly Awake Club and stood around at all hours shouting when he tried to sleep. "It just showed an interest in my work," said Kelly. It was, in fact, as a result of a razzing that he got married. He was spending New Year's Day on a pole in Dallas, Texas. A hotel which had girl elevator-operators was under the pole. A man stepped into one of the elevators and asked the girl, "Is that damn fool still up there on the pole?" "He's not a fool," she said, and slapped his face. News of the incident reached Kelly, along with the information that the girl might lose her job. He sent down word that he would like to thank the little heroine in person. She was hoisted to the top of the pole, and, balancing himself on his stomach, Kelly reached over and shook her hand. They were married a few days after he came down. They have a two-year-old son now, Alvin, Jr. Mrs. Kelly and Little Shipwreck, as he is more often called, are always on hand to kiss the husband and father goodbye as his work takes him away from them for a week or two.

—CHARLES ROBBINS



"It's a little cottage pudding, dearie."

OF ALL THINGS

IN his essay reprinted in the Yale *News*, Mr. Hoover said some pretty snooty things about our unthinking masses. It now turns out, however, that this piece was written long before that November day when we nearly all became intellectual giants.

•

The astronomers of the world are of three minds about Planet X. They are, curiously enough, for enforcement, modification, or repeal.

•

Much innocent merriment was caused by the Presidential wild pitch which opened the baseball season. Snickering Senators said that Mr. Hoover's poor control was nothing new to them.

•

There are rumors of a greater prohibition poll, with thirty-two million ballots and a lot of questions to answer. If this thing keeps up nobody will have any time for serious drinking.

•

Commissioner Whalen promises to make our streets safe for pedestrians. Does this mean that he will stay in office until the job is done?

•

It must be pretty discouraging to statesmen to work all winter making a treaty to reduce armaments only to have the whole thing rejected by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

•

Scientists remain skeptical about the quality of rubber that could be obtained from goldenrod. Still it might be good enough for cheques.

•

Coolidge says that he has no intention of returning to public life. Up to a late hour last night no riots whatever were held on this topic.

•

The conference committee votes for a duty on shoes, but reduces the tariff on carillons. Always pandering to our higher natures.

•

Al Smith has tackled the ticket-speculator evil and everybody wishes him success. At any rate he's got a nice decade for it.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Now see here, Ira! You paid for the trip to Chinatown!"

• •

RENFREW MUDGE

Would that I, like Renfrew Mudge,
All the Seven Arts could judge
With so suavely debonair,
Yet so masterly, a flair.
If he sees a dancer dance
He can soberly advance
(Writing lovely prose the while)
Grave objections to her "style;"
And he'll mention, what is more,
Certain faults in the "*décor*"—
("*Décor*" is a word that he
Titivates with constantly).
If he reads a novel, next,
He is not a bit perplexed,
But describes its "tactile tone"
In a manner all his own;
Or should he in turn inspect your
Latest try at architecture,
Tall Manhattan, he can say
Rotten! in the subtlest way
For a thousand words or more
(One of which will be "*décor*"*!*) . . .
Sculpture, modern painting, he
Treats with chaste sobriety,
Giving "planes" and "mass" their due;
Yet he's good at music, too,
Writing, with a mannered smile,
Of "a certain lack of style"—

Bravo, Renfrew Mudge! you are
Omnisciently oracular;
But we can bear it all, and more,
If you will drop one word—"*décor.*"

—LEE WILSON DODD

THE THEATRE

MORE LIKE IT

THE theatrical season, after many weeks of concerning itself with mechanical ducks and false noses, has suddenly stripped off its rompers and grown up. With the advent, on two successive nights, of Philip Barry's "Hotel Universe" and Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," there are now distinct evidences of cerebration to be found in at least two of our dramatic alleys, which, added to the two or three which were already here, give the place an almost adult air.

As in most plays into which cerebration has been allowed to creep, both "Hotel Universe" and "Uncle Vanya" get their effects more through inference than through action. They are plays which "create an atmosphere," which means that long after you have left the theatre you are haunted by a vague feeling that things aren't going very well at home, or that Something, which you can't quite remember, happened yesterday to change your whole life—for the worse, naturally.

"UNCLE VANYA" is especially insidious in its after-effect. Billed as "Chekhov's comedy," it stalks with majestic simplicity through a gloomy old house, laying an icy hand here on the heart of a love-starved spinster, easing a young and fragile wife out the door with her heavily bearded old husband, and pulling, with cruel precision, the derby down over the eyes of a futile and frustrated uncle, who couldn't even shoot straight when his big moment came. If this is comedy, then I have been laughing at the wrong things all along.

I am not complaining, mind you. I love to be depressed by these Russians. As I go out into the street after an evening in one of their high-ceilinged, mid-Romanoff houses where a lot of people are stuck for the rest of their lives, I feel somehow that I have myself become an object of pity and that people ought to be a little nicer to me from now on. I walk along the street with what seems to me to be rather sadly beautiful detachment, smiling wanly at the quips of my pleasure-mad companions, waiting for some sensitive Stranger to come up and press my hand and murmur: "I understand, I understand." This a swell feeling.

Jed Harris has returned to Broadway with this production of "Uncle Vanya" as his coming-home present, just to show us that he doesn't always have to have reporters and gunmen rushing in and out. It is a splendid production, although I personally could have stood a little more of the old Jed Harris tempo. I have a feeling, however, that if Chekhov were to be played at an average speed of picking up cues and lighted with anything more cheery

"THE GREEN PASTURES"

When the rain descends and the floods come on the stage of the Mansfield Theatre, Noah and his children sit pretty in their home-made ark, while the rest of the colored population repent of their sins too late to save themselves. There is a lesson in it for all of us.

than a Welsbach burner, he might at times seem to be just an ordinary playwright. Almost any line sounds significant if read slowly without moving the face.

In redeeming Miss Lillian Gish from the movies for the rôle of Helena, Mr. Harris proved himself a master of casting, for those very attributes which have made her preëminent on the screen are just the ones which this part calls for. In fact, I cannot imagine her in any other type of part. Certainly I cannot imagine anyone else in this one. Having seen Miss Joanna Roos in many other rôles, her exquisite performance here is even more praiseworthy, for she shows herself to be an actress of versatility and great emotional possibilities. Walter Connolly, also, for the first time, has a chance to show what we already knew: that he is too good for the little plays he has been tied to in the past. In five years we shall have forgotten that he ever was in them and will date his beginnings with "Uncle Vanya." It was also fitting that Mr. Harris should bring Osgood Perkins back with him, for, if our records are correct, Mr. Perkins was in Mr. Harris' first production (always forgotten) and should always be a part of what we hope will prove to be a permanent acting organization.

MR. BARRY, in "Hotel Universe," has reached up into the heavens for the moon. That he has come back with only a handful of stars should not discourage him. A handful of stars is a handful of stars and we should treasure them and thank Mr. Barry for giving them to us. We don't get many these days.

When I was a little boy (littler than I am now) I once put on a show in our attic, adapted with great care from one of Grimm's fairy tales, the copyright having expired. In it I naturally played the lead, as it was my attic. I was supposed to be a beggar-boy, who, at the stroke of twelve, turned into a gorgeous prince, much to the discomfiture of three old witches who had been making life miserable for me. It was a great scene. The clothes of the beggar-boy were quite easy to get, but the wardrobe mistress didn't happen to have any prince's outfit on hand at the time. This, however, did not worry me much, as I had a sort of idea that, if I thought hard enough at the stroke of twelve and acted as if I really had changed to doublet and hose and a jewelled sword, the audience would be swept into the spell and see things as I did. And I gave the matter no more thought.

The performance was brilliant up to the point of the big transformation scene. At the stroke of twelve (or, owing to bungling on the part of a stagehand who couldn't count, the stroke of seven) I stamped my foot and, so far as I was concerned, changed miraculously into a prince. The effect on the audience was negligible, however. The show proceeded, but they didn't seem to be getting the idea, and it was not until it was over and I read the notices that I learned that they had not noted the change in costume, in spite of the fact that I had distinctly said: "I am now a prince." It was my first big disillusion in the matter of magic, and I have never dared write another play since.

"That's the original shoestring I started on."

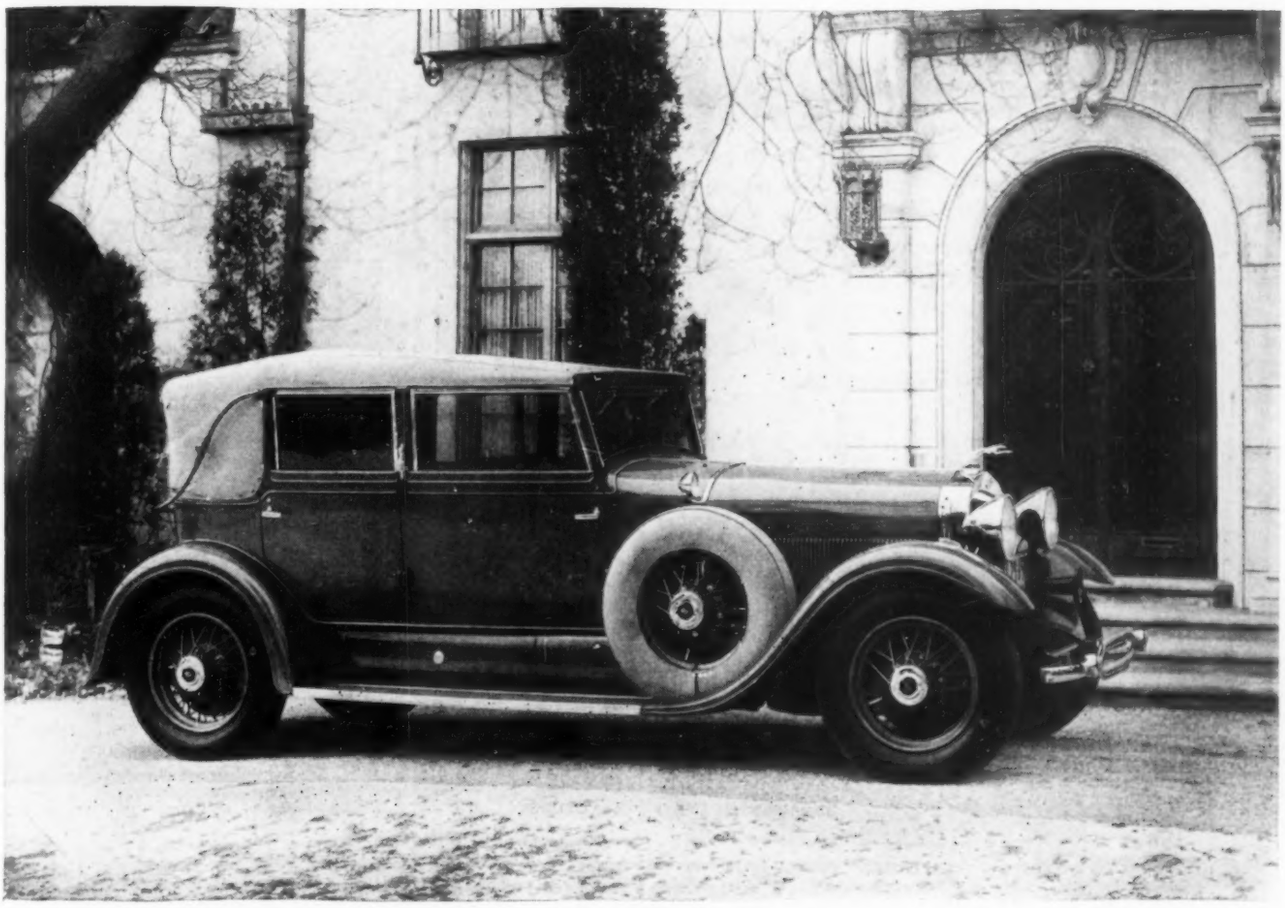
Mr. Barry, it seems to me, when he decided to have his characters do away with Time and Space and suddenly turn into what they, or someone else, had once been, put too much faith in magic and in the ability of an audience to soar with him. Even with the best cast in the world for such a thing (which, by the way, the Theatre Guild gave him), he must always be dealing with flesh-and-blood people acting on a wood-and-canvas set, and it is this limitation which is constantly coming between what is in his mind and what the audience sees and hears. Many of the scenes in "Hotel Universe" are of great beauty in themselves, and the performances of Ruth Gordon, Glenn Anders, and Katherine Alexander in particular were at times so transcendent as almost to work the miracle which Mr. Barry had conceived, but, in the nature of finite things, there must be, and are, moments when the characters seem just cockeyed and when the audience is confused. The audience is not so confused, however, that it cannot sit quietly through two hours of dialogue without an intermission.

Perhaps some of my own confusion came from the fact that my seats at the Martin Beck were so situated that an overhanging loge cut off most of the sound except that from Forty-fifth Street (into which my right leg was practically protruding) and from the box office, or adjoining taxi-stand, where telephone calls and gay badinage were offering highly successful competition to the metaphysical talk on the stage. If even under this handicap I was aware that "Hotel Universe" was a fine and brave attempt to achieve the impossible, it must be pretty good.

EVERY so often one has to sit back and open one's collar and take in a few good old Viennese waltzes. It is Nature's way. If, in the meantime, there happens to filter through a little sentiment about lovers-true-forever and a dash of merrymaking-despite-broken-hearts, so much the better. A little of that never hurt anyone. In "Three Little Girls" one will find all this, and quite a bit more.

As is usually the case, the Messrs. Shubert have assembled for their operetta by far the best voices to be heard in town. I venture to say that no

THE LINCOLN



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SWEETBREADS À LA SHERRY... broiled... in the chef's special Sauce Piquante... $1.75 the portion.

SCALLOPS AND SHRIMPS POULETTE ... prepared with cream sauce and mushrooms... as served in the Sherry restaurants... $6.00 the quart (6 portions).

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operetta within the ticket-brokers' memory has had such a musical asset, in combination with other values, as the voices and personalities of the Sisters Hall, Natalie and Bettina. When they stand together in harmonic teamwork and render what used to be known as "soprano and alto duet" of Herr Kollo's melodies, even the most hardened musical-comedy observer must realize that here is something fresh and lovely on Broadway. And when, with Miss Martha Lorber, they join forces in naïve presentation of the old, old story of Love Deferred, with Mr. Charles Hedley to lend his excellent voice to the masculine register, all sophisticated standards of what-is-smart and what-is-old-fashioned go by the board, and we capitulate to the spirit of the *Blaue Donau* and applaud without shame.

IT is a little out of place to review "Virtue's Bed" and "Lady Clara" along with "Hotel Universe" and "Uncle Vanya." If you don't mind, I will defer them until some more plays come along like those which have been occupying our attention for the past few weeks. They are all right in their way ("Lady Clara" has Florence Nash as a Cockney Peg o' My Heart, without any violation of existing codes) but I think that they belong with the common herd and not in the present distinguished group. We may not get any more like "Hotel Universe" and "Uncle Vanya" this season, but I have an awful feeling that there are any number of "Virtue's Bed"s and "Lady Clara"s in the offing.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

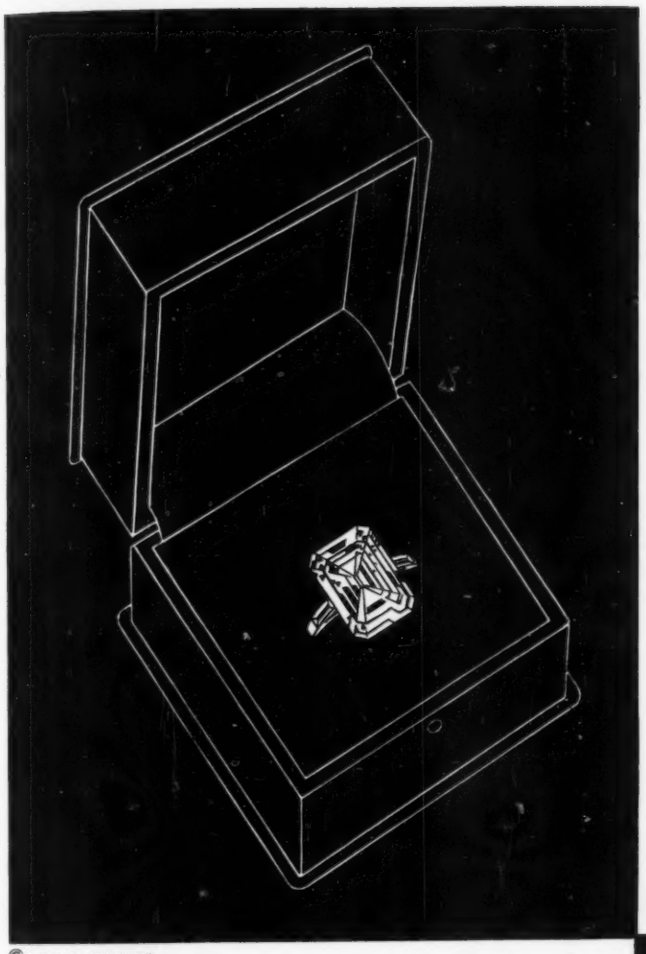
George LeBoutillier, vice-president of the Long Island Railroad, announced yesterday that the Long Island Railroad passenger train service during 1929 established a new record for on-time performance. In the twelve months of 1929 the Long Island operated a total of 330,519 scheduled passenger trains. Of this number 9.6 percent reached their destination on time.—*The Evening Journal.*

Come, LeBoutillier, you know that's an exaggeration.

•

Mrs. M—— died shortly afterward. Her death was certified by Dr. Peeves, who was not present at the time of death, as occurring from acute nephritis, cardiac decomposition and pulmonary endema complicated with loss of kidney function.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Just as well he wasn't there.



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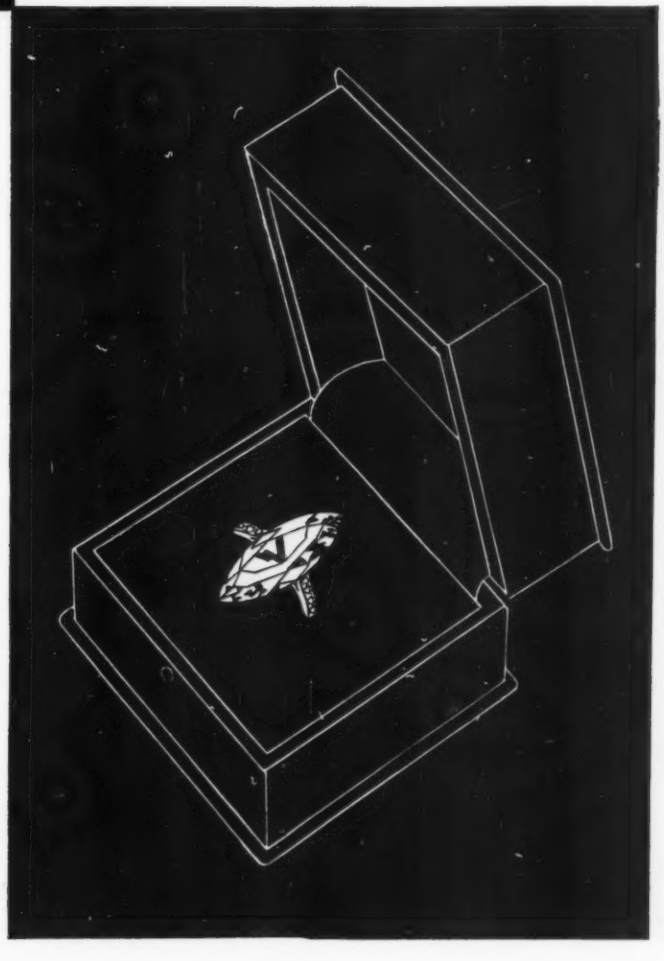

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

AT 59 WASHINGTON SQUARE

THEN there is the story of certain signs and portents observed in the Year of Grace, 1907, at 59 Washington Square. The central character is Will Irwin. And the story happens to be true. Or so he says.

It was in Mr. Irwin's bachelor days, shortly after he had made a great name for himself in Park Row by the long-distance stories of the San Francisco earthquake which he pounded out on his typewriter in the ratty offices of the Newspaper That Was. His flat was an entire floor of this mouldering house in Washington Square, his space split up into two main rooms, with the bedroom in the rear and the living-room windows looking on the Square.

Now it is necessary to report first that as a youngster, Will Irwin had never had any fear of the dark. The black alleys of Chinatown in San Francisco, the crazy stairs of our own Cherry Hill—into these he had plunged cheerfully in the pursuits of his trade. Indeed, he had never known what such a feeling was until he moved into Washington Square. Then he could not climb to his flat and put key into his lock without a vague apprehension that something in the dark on the other side of the door was waiting to mischief him. Furthermore he would look up from his work twenty times a day because he was continuously plagued by the notion that someone was standing in the doorway watching him.

Finally, at three o'clock one morning, he was yanked out of a sound sleep by a sense of someone bending over him. It was an experience quite new to him, a feeling of horror, inexplicable, incommunicable, which left him rigid and clammy. Three mornings in succession, always at the same hour and always, mind you, without sight or sound of any visitant, he was thus awakened. The adventure began to unstring his nerves. He could and did tell himself that the recurrent experience was doubtless some symptom of indigestion but, after all, it did, even so, play havoc with his sleep and he needed his sleep. So he moved to a hotel. Then, after a week of such inconvenient exile, a kind of sheepishness brought him back to his flat. Now he tried sleeping with every gas jet in the place burning full tilt. The phenomenon recurred, but then and thereafter with steadily lessening intensity. At last it dwindled to nothingness, and in time he forgot all about it.

FORGOT about it, that is, until he returned to town one morning after an absence during which he had turned his flat over to James Hopper, his fellow-scribe who had come on from the West to look over the editors. On his return, Irwin found that fiery particle smouldering with resentment. Had he been uncomfortable? *Had* he? Mr. Hopper repeated the inquiry with a bitterness made more acrid by recent loss of sleep. Then, in reply, he poured out a story which varied from Irwin's own experience in only one particular. On the second night of the mute, invisible visitation, Hopper, mantled in the fearsome darkness, had stood up in his nightgown and brandished a fist into space, bidding the ghost, if ghost it were, come out in the open and fight. The challenge was not accepted.

The next crony to be honored by the doubtful boon of Irwin's hospitality and, during his stay, to undergo the same unnerving experience was Samuel Hopkins Adams. Of all who later bore witness, Mr. Adams alone had heard the story first and so moved in with a mind prepared. But this would lessen the evidential force of his testimony only in the eyes of those who might not know how canny and observant a skeptic was taking the stand. I can think of no more reliable witness for such an investigation unless it be that shrewd reporter who, you may remember, was once employed by the *Times* to keep an eye on Signora Paladino and who, in the midst of her most impressive séance, caught hold of the wandering and prehensile foot of that abstracted creature when, as I recall, it was toying with a tambourine up near the chandelier. But as that other alert investigator was none other than Will Irwin himself, I think of this story as uncommonly well buttressed.

Finally, when Irwin was taking a holiday at Siasconsett two women, who were his neighbors at that New England spa, borrowed the key of his flat for their own use during a week's visit to New York. On the morning after their arrival in Washington Square, they were to have breakfast at the Brevoort with an old friend who promised to call for them at eight o'clock and escort them across the Square. When he kept his word, he found them waiting on the steps with their valises packed. They had been sitting there firmly since four o'clock that morning and they expressed an intention to spend the rest of their visit at some quiet hotel. Mr. Irwin could keep his old flat.

As a matter of fact, he didn't keep it. When October came around, he surrendered his lease and so passes out of a ghost story that is, I must admit, quite painfully lacking in such essentials as banshee wailings and the dread clink of chains in the darkness. None of those who had bad nights at No. 59 will tell you they ever saw or heard anything at all and they become merely incoherent when they try to describe what did befall them when they slept under its troubled roof.

THERE is one more witness. He was an old, old man who, two or three years after Irwin's time, came on from California for one last look at the Square where he had rolled his hoop as a boy. No one of his day was still alive for him to talk to, so he had to get into conversations with nursemaids in the walks and bums on the benches and the policeman at the corner. He strayed into this story at all only because, still wistfully in quest of someone to talk to about the old days, he went into a shop—to be frank, I am afraid it was a shoppe—which was kept on the south side of the Square by a friend of Irwin's. He told her all about the days when the Square was enclosed with a pretty picket fence and the Seventh Regiment used to drill on the green. He told of oldtimers who, when he was a lad, still remembered when Washington Square had been the Potter's Field and when the gallows had stood where the Arch stands now.

"And that house there," said the old man, pointing to No. 59, "that used to be the Morgue."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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COLORS can clash against the eye. Ill-matched furniture jangles nerves. What the eye sees in an office has a definite, if unnoticed effect on what a business man accomplishes!

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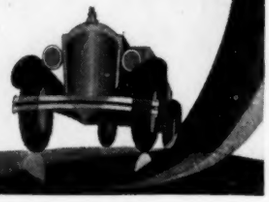

SEMIPROFESSIONAL ASTROLOGY

SIT right down there. . . . No, on that chair. That's right. It's a little wobbly but it won't break. I'll have my charts ready in just a minute. I was out all morning and just got back for your appointment. I've got plenty of time, though, now, to give you your full half-hour.

Now, when's your birthday? The exact hour you were born. . . . Are you sure about that? Who told you? . . . Oh, your mother. Well, it ought to be about right, then, don't you think? Now the year. . . . Not nineteen-five? You'll have to talk a little louder. I'm a little deaf. Now wait until I look it up.

Pisces. Oh, that's as good a month as any. There's something good in any birthday, I always say. Aquarius, Uranus, Neptune. I can tell Neptune people any time. I said "A Neptune person" as soon as I saw you. Independent. Brave. Unafraid. You're not afraid of anything, are you? I could tell that without even seeing your chart. I could tell that the minute you came in. Uranus. The sun. There. That's your chart. Well, now, let me see . . .

You have never been married, have you? . . . Oh, you have been married? More than once? . . . Oh, you've been married twice, have you? . . . Oh, I would have found that all out later on. I always say the first thing that comes to me and it seemed to me at first glance you hadn't been married. Because of your independence, I guess. Always unafraid and brave. You're not afraid of anything. You always look the world in the face. Unafraid.

Have you ever tried to do anything in the artistic line? I think you'd make a good dancer. . . . Yes, you do seem a little heavy for a dancer, that's right. Have you ever tried dancing? Have you ever tried anything else artistic? . . . Oh, you paint. That's very nice, I'm sure. You see, I knew there was something artistic there the minute I looked at your horoscope. I knew that you'd have luck in an artistic way. At first glance I thought it was dancing but it could be painting just as well. You see many people. You're among a lot of people all the time. I knew that. When I was younger I always did a lot of mixing with people in an artistic way. I went to a studio once.

NOW, let me see. . . . What's in your chart? There's only half

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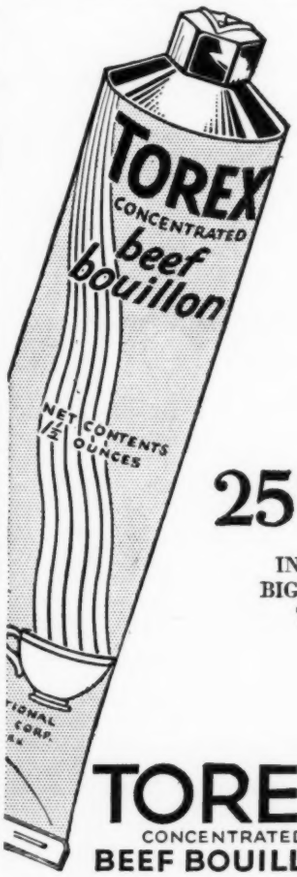

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an hour and I like to give everybody a full reading of their life. I like to give them something to take away with them, something constructive. I've been reading horoscopes for thirty-five years and I believe in it absolutely. There are a lot of professional astrologists who really aren't any good at all. I've studied my subject. I know I could have a bigger apartment and a secretary and a maid—a lot more rooms and show, but what good would that do me? Why pay a hundred dollars a week more for that? It's comfortable, just having one room, and more informal, and I can give everyone a lot of personal attention.

Your horoscope is very good. You're an idealist. People take advantage of you. Yes, they do. You have too much faith in them and then they do something to disappoint you. You're an idealist, too. I guess that's why I thought you were never married. Well, I always say that some people get along better single and some married. It all depends on their temperament. It is always best to make the best of a poor bargain, though. You might as well stay married. . . . Oh, you *want* to stay married. . . . Oh, I see! Well, I never advise people to change anything or break up their lives. People come to me and tell me they can't get along with their husbands, but after I look up their husbands' horoscopes I find that the husbands have better aspects for the year than the wives have, so I always say: "Stick to your husband. Make the best of a bad bargain!" No use to break up their homes.

OH, you want to know about your future? Well, now, let's see. There's no sign of money coming to you so I don't know whether you'll make any or not. About normal, I would say. Last year was a good year for you, wasn't it? . . . Oh, it wasn't. Well, then the year before. Well, in four or five years from now you'll have very good luck. I'd be careful up to then.

There are changes coming into your life. I can see that. Within the next six years your life will change completely. You have some fine luck ahead. And in fifteen or sixteen years you'll have another good period.

Your husband's got very good aspects, now. I'd keep him. If you do leave him you'll get another husband and it wouldn't be any different. You're the kind of woman that marries and marries, but the husbands are all

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The Ann Zell Mirror, on the other hand, is a *purest white, optically ground lense!* As a result it reflects a *true* color image. That is why it is called the *Truth* Mirror. Its crystal clearness also reveals subsurface skin blemishes so that you may correct them before they are visible to others.

For these important reasons more and more fastidious women find that an Ann Zell Truth Mirror is an absolute *necessity* in their daily toilet.

If you never before believed that a mirror could deceive, compare your reflection in an ordinary mirror and in an Ann Zell. Examine these Truth Mirrors at your favorite toilet goods counter —today!

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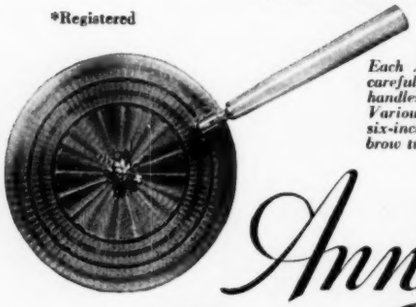

Each Ann Zell Truth Mirror is mounted as carefully and beautifully as a jewel. Backs and handles may be had in many designs and colors. Various sizes—from dainty purse mirrors to large six-inch boudoir mirrors. Some even have an eyebrow tweezer cunningly concealed in the handle.

Ann Zell
TRUTH MIRRORS

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SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU

just about alike, and this is about the best husband you'd get. Now about your first husband. He didn't marry again, did he? . . . Oh, he did marry again? He has a peculiar disposition. You better keep the husband you have. . . . Oh, you intend to. Well, that's a wise idea. He is as good as you'll do. If you marry again—but then I can't tell you that because I haven't got the birthday of your third husband. . . . Oh, you don't intend ever to marry again. Well, I think you're doing the wise thing to put up with your second husband.

Your health has been especially good this year, hasn't it? . . . Not so very? Well, then it's going to be very good next year. One of your relatives will have bad health. No, not your husband. . . . Oh, you haven't any other relatives. Well then, you're going to have a money loss of some kind. There's going to be a change. A change in business. . . . You're not in business? Well, then it must mean some other kind of change. It's funny about how some people come in to me about changes. There's one man who's going to send a friend in today. He's always sending someone in. He wouldn't do the least thing without advice from me. Not the least thing. He's awfully funny that way.

WELL, you got ten minutes left. I never try to hurry anyone. I don't know what to tell you in this ten minutes but I want to give you your full half-hour. All the advice I can give you is to keep on with your husband. I wouldn't change. He has some good aspects. And a husband's good luck is a wife's good luck, I always say. If you did change, you wouldn't do a bit better. This other change I spoke of means meeting new people. You are very brave and fearless and you're not afraid of anything.

I hope I've helped you. There's so much to astrology. It can do such a lot for a person. It just opens up life like a book. I've been practicing now for thirty-five years and I can watch life open up like a book day by day. . . . Yes, five dollars. I don't charge twenty dollars like some of these professionals with offices and secretaries do. —THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

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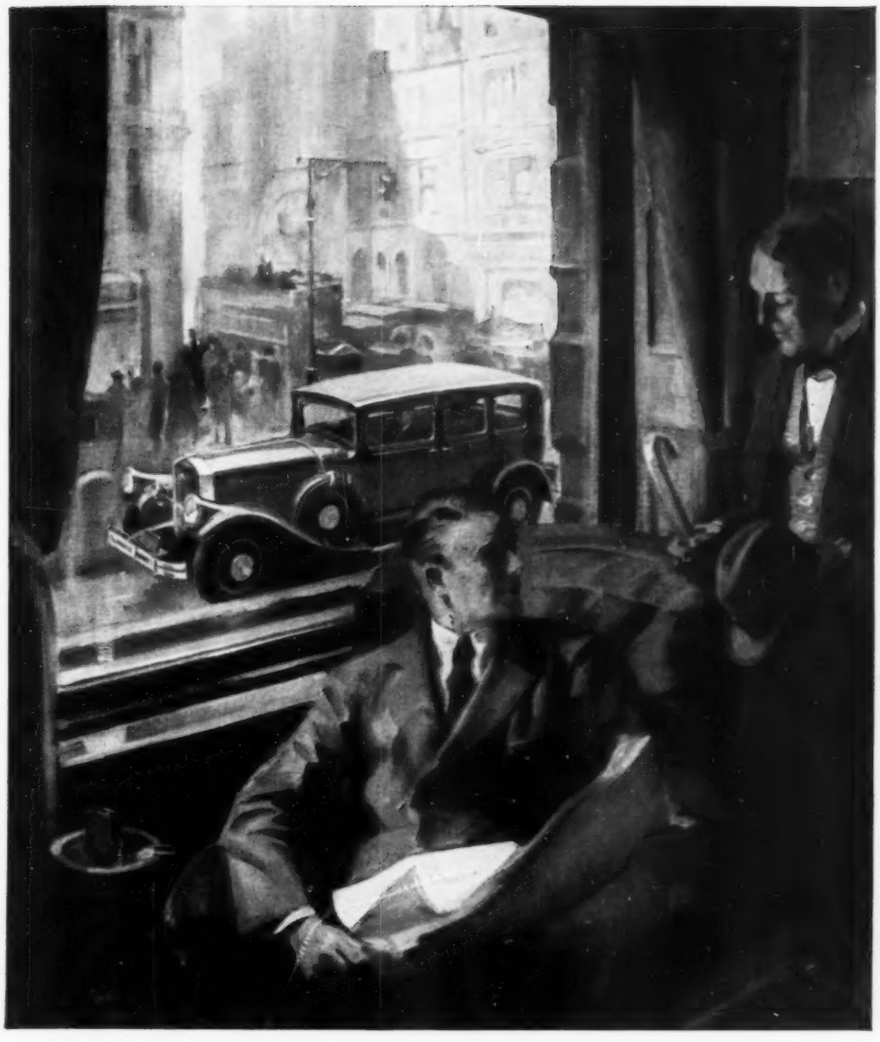

That fine things are fairly unchanging, is the story told by these two pictures of an identical scene. Both portray New York's smartest club, its proudest motor car. One was painted twelve years after the other.

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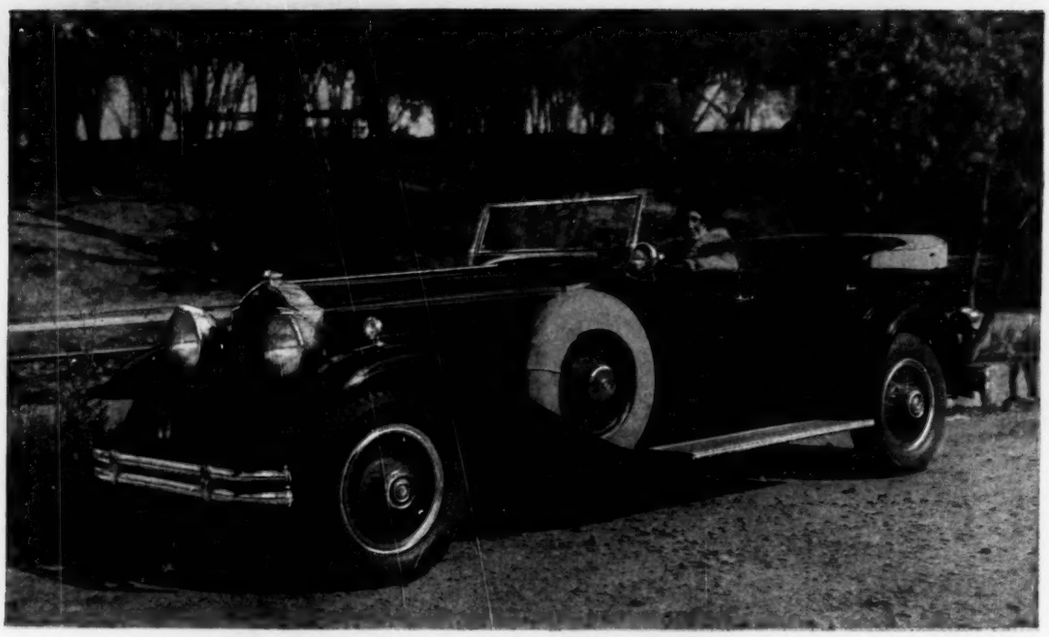

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THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE BROOKLYN THEATRE DISASTER

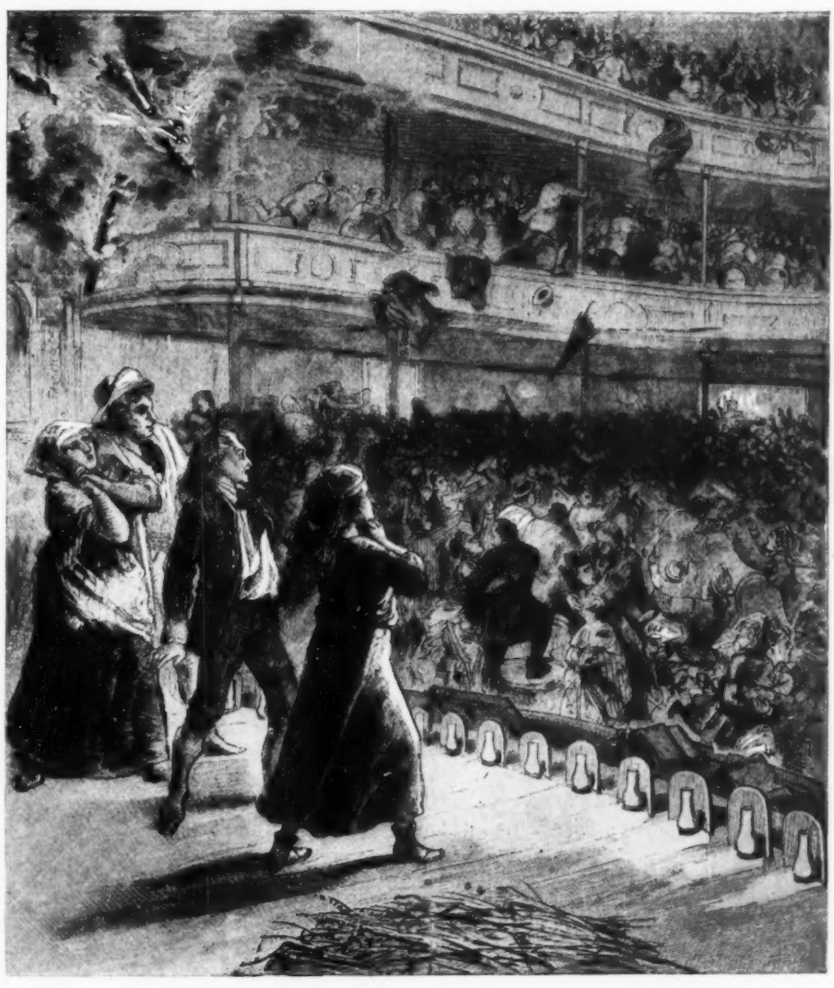
AT eight o'clock on the evening of December 5, 1876, the curtain of the Brooklyn Theatre, in Washington Street near Johnson, rose upon a gala performance of "The Two Orphans," which was nearing the end of a long and prosperous run. The title rôles of Louise and Henriette, the two orphans, were played respectively by Kate Claxton, one of the foremost American actresses of the period, and Maude Harrison. The remainder of the cast included such well-known players as Claude Burroughs, J. B. Studley, H. S. Murdoch, and Mrs. Farren.

The theatre was of brick construction, but it was old, and had been designed and built with no thought of fire hazards. There were no fire escapes, and but four exits, all of which opened into Washington Street. One was a small door, at the end of the vestibule nearest Johnson Street, which was regularly kept barred and locked. Two of the other doors were each five feet wide. The third was much narrower. The only exit from the dress circle and the balcony was a single short flight of stairs into the vestibule. The way from the gallery led down a narrow stairway along the south wall of the building, thence around a sharp turn and down a long flight to the balcony floor, and then down a cased-in staircase and through the narrow door into Washington Street. Illumination was provided by open gas-jets in the lobby and the vestibule, and a few jets with ornamental globes on the orchestra floor. The footlights were simply kerosene lamps set on the stage behind tin reflectors. Similar lamps, called border-lights, were arranged in a row along the proscenium arch. They were faced with tin on the side toward the audience, and were otherwise covered with wire netting. Above them dangled flimsy strips of decorative scenery, the borders, which invariably sagged into dangerous proximity to the flaring wicks. The dome of the building, which rose to a peak behind the stage, and most of the ceiling, were covered with "parofile stuff," a variety of canvas which was extremely light and strong, but at the same time very inflammable. It was much used by builders of the period instead of plaster.

ON the night of this memorable performance the theatre was crowded, with the bulk of the audience—some six hundred persons—massed in the balcony and the gallery. The play proceeded without incident until the sixth tableau of the last act, in which Miss Claxton lay on a straw pallet while Mr. Murdoch, playing Pierre, delivered his speech. But he had said no more than a few words when a whisper of "Fire" was heard in the wings. Looking up, they saw that backstage was hazy with smoke, pierced by flickering darts of flame. It was apparent at once that the borders had caught from the border-lights, and that the fire was spreading rapidly along the canvas ceiling above the stage toward the dome. Uncertain what to do, Mr. Murdoch stopped, but the audience had not noticed anything wrong, and Miss Claxton whispered:

"Go on. They will put it out. Go on."

Mr. Murdoch continued with his lines, and the scene was played through, Mrs. Farren, as La Frochard, and Mr. Studley, as Jacques, entering at their cues. The audience applauded Louise's defiance of Jacques—"I forbid you to touch me!"—but as she said "I will beg no more," several blazing fragments of scenery fell upon the stage, and the actors were compelled to move. Miss Claxton's costume caught fire, and Mr. Studley pressed the flames out with his hands. By now smoke was billowing from the flies, and throughout the house men and women were rising to their feet and crying out in great excitement. Foreseeing the inevitable panic, the four players abandoned their rôles and stepped to the footlights, while the orchestra in the pit struck up a lively tune. From one end of the stage Mrs. Farren and Mr. Murdoch urged the people to leave quietly;



THE BURNING OF THE BROOKLYN THEATRE. FROM A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING

Investment Advice

Advice is a term often used and often misunderstood. Analysis rather than advice, should be the first step in any investment decision. Every investor, before purchasing any type of securities should analyze thoroughly his own financial position.

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from the other Miss Claxton and Mr. Studley did likewise.

"You can all go out if you will only keep quiet," said Mr. Studley, and Miss Claxton cried: "We are between you and the flames! Keep cool and walk out quietly!"

Their advice went unheeded, for the conflagration had gained great headway. The dome was a seething mass of fire, and great streamers of flame, twisting in the draught created by the opening of the street doors, were reaching out to the canvas ceiling in all parts of the building. Within a few moments burning timbers began plunging to the stage, and the actors were forced to run into the wings, and the musicians to scramble from the orchestra pit. Meanwhile an alarm had been sent out from the First Precinct police station, which adjoined the theatre, and telegrams had been dispatched to Mayor Schroeder and other city officials, but by the time the fire engines were in position the conflagration was beyond control. Fifteen minutes after the first flames had flickered upward from the border-lights the whole interior of the building was ablaze, and the firemen and policemen who attempted to enter were driven back into the street by the heat and the dense smoke.

OCCUPANTS of the orchestra and parquet chairs, and most of those in the balcony, experienced little difficulty in escaping; they poured in an excited stream through the main doors into Washington Street, and through the small door, usually locked, which the chief usher, Mr. Rochfert, had forced open. But the hundreds in the gallery, at least half of them women and many of them children, had little chance from the beginning. Orderly progress through the tortuous passage was difficult under ordinary conditions; it was impossible for an excited crowd to accomplish. A score of men leaped headlong into the orchestra, and were so badly injured that they could not escape. A few lowered themselves from gallery windows which overlooked an alley, and one man succeeded in forcing his body through a small rectangular ventilator. He dropped to the roof of the police station. Another man tried to clamber through this small window, but was overcome with smoke, and leaned against the sill until a gust of flame swept him away.

Only a very few of the people in the gallery could do anything to save them-

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But you must see for yourself. Visit Miss Arden's Salons and talk to the trained Diathermic Nurse whose whole time is devoted to work with the Mask. She will tell you in detail exactly what it has done for others . . . and what it can do for you.

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NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

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selves. Driven by the flames and smoke which swept against them from the stage and the ceiling, they plunged at once for the narrow stairs, and went leaping and tumbling down the steps in wild confusion, trampling each other and piling in frantic, struggling heaps at the bottom. A few fought their way clear, but before any considerable number could escape the supports of the gallery were burned away, and the structure dropped into the roaring inferno of the orchestra. A few moments later, at 11:45 o'clock, half an hour after the fire started, the wide east wall of the theatre fell with a tremendous crash, burying the bodies of more than three hundred men, women, and children beneath tons of brick and débris.

THE frightful scenes in the gallery could not be seen from the orchestra, and when the newspapers went to press early next morning it was not believed that more than two or three persons had been killed. Some city officials, indeed, doubted that there had been any loss of life. Long before dawn, however, literally hundreds of people were clamoring at the doors of the police stations; members of their families had gone to the theatre and had not returned home. About noon on December 6 the fire had been brought under control sufficiently for firemen and policemen to begin searching the ruins, and the bodies were soon found. Of all who died, there was scarcely a one that had not been hurled, by the collapse of the gallery, to within a dozen feet of one of the main-floor exits.

All of the members of the cast escaped excepting Mr. Murdoch and Mr. Burroughs. The latter hurried down from his dressing-room and rushed into the orchestra to help the people get out. He is believed to have been trampled to death. Mr. Murdoch rushed from the stage behind Miss Claxton, and was never seen again. Some three hours later a New York newspaper reporter found Miss Claxton wandering in City Hall Park. She was dazed and distracted, her hands and face were terribly blistered, and most of her hair had been burned off. She was never able to remember how she had got away from the theatre, or how she had crossed the East River. That was several years before the opening of Brooklyn Bridge, and intercourse between Manhattan and Brooklyn was carried on by means of sailboat ferries and small, uncertain

steamboats. A few weeks after the fire, before she had fully recovered, Miss Claxton went to St. Louis with her brother and stopped at the old Southern Hotel. On the night of her arrival the hotel was burned, and again Miss Claxton displayed great coolness and bravery, saving her brother's life and herself running to safety down a burning stairway that collapsed as her foot left the last step. The two fearful experiences almost ruined her career; for several years superstitious actors refused to play with her, and theatre-goers of a similar turn of mind would not patronize the houses in which she performed.

The exact number of persons who died in the Brooklyn fire was never determined, but so far as loss of life was concerned it was the most disastrous conflagration in the history of the territory that now comprises Greater New York. It remained the greatest theatre fire in American history until the burning of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago in December, 1903, twenty-seven years later, when six hundred and two persons were killed. The dead in the Brooklyn fire have been estimated at from two hundred and eighty to four hundred, the *World Almanac* and similar works of reference placing the number at two hundred and eighty-nine. Two hundred and seventy bodies were identified and given private burial, and the unrecognizable remains of many others, at least fifty and possibly a hundred, were collected and buried in a common grave at Greenwood Cemetery on a cold and stormy afternoon.

—Herbert Asbury

•

HER SON

It did not ease his mind to know
  She was content:
He heard her and believed her, though
  He thought she meant

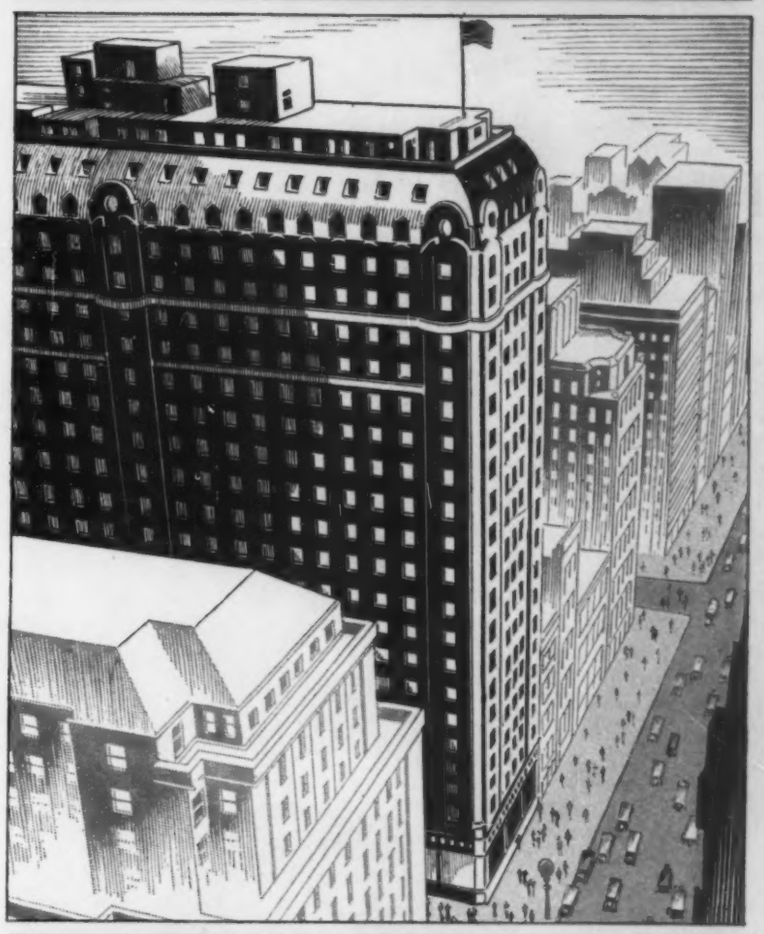
The formal mood of pious calm
  Which women wear,
Applied as a religious balm
  To hurts they bear.

He was so young and ignorant
  He pitied peace,
A word (he said) for pulpit-cant,
  A sort of lease

On paradise before men died.
  Her shabby dress
He saw—but not her regal pride
  In loneliness.

—Martha Banning Thomas

FUNDAMENTALLY
PART OF FIFTH AVENUE



The St. Regis fosters the inimitable momentum of smart New York. The Roof and the Seaglade supplement smart New York's year-round nightly carnival with Urban fantasy and Lopez dance rhythm. The Salle-Cathay offers locale for smart New York's important private functions. The exquisite new suites and rooms naturally become headquarters for smart New York's out-of-town congenials. The whole is a groomed vitality, flourishing through a graciousness as established as, and at one with, the fame of Fifth Avenue.

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ST. REGIS

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THE favorites of Broadway—how keen a responsibility rests on their dainty shoulders! Night after night the cynosure of eager admiring eyes, they must be lovely *always* . . .

A responsibility they carry gaily enough, it is true! For when a flood of light plays on head and neck and arms they are confident of skin richly smooth and soft . . .

And this, they will tell you, is quite the most compelling beauty that any girl can have. "Keep your complexion lovely," they advise, "and your charm will take care of itself!"

To guard their own skin they use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Its lather is amazingly gentle and soothing, they find, and it leaves the skin glowing with a fresh smoothness that is a joy. So enthusiastic are they that this fragrant white soap is in the dressing rooms of legitimate theaters all over the country—71 of the 74 in New York!

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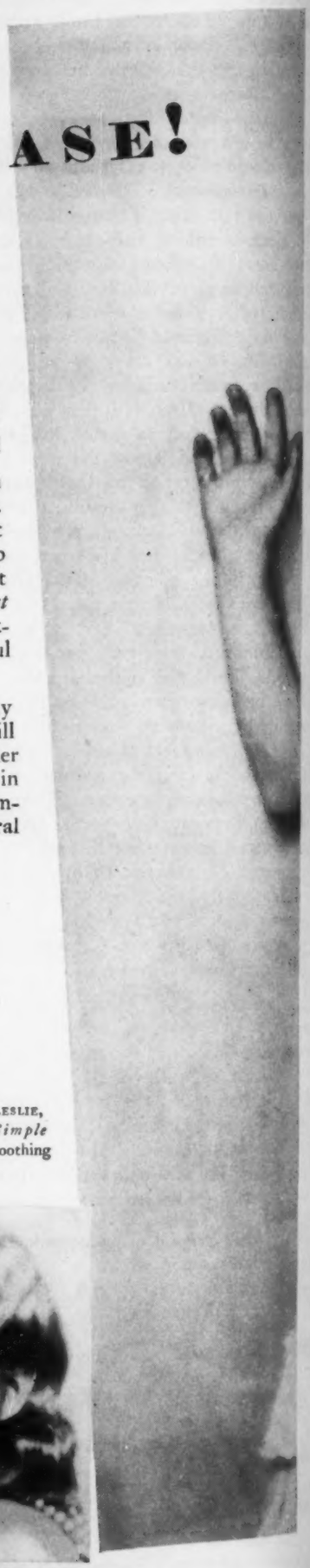
You will want to try this simple way to greater complexion beauty. You will be delighted with the generous lather which this luxurious cake gives even in the hardest water—with the swift improvement in your skin. Order several cakes and begin to enjoy it today.



(*Above*) HELEN FLINT, the fascinating woman in the case in *Those We Love:* "It keeps my skin so smooth."

(*Below*) MIRIAM HOPKINS, gifted star of *Ritzy:* "I find it always takes such gentle care of my skin."

(*Below*) DOREE LESLIE, charming in *Simple Simon:* "It is so soothing and refreshing."

these complexions are kept exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap . .

BARBARA NEWBERRY, star of *Heads Up!:* "I always use it."

VIOLET CARLSON, one of the most important reasons for the huge popularity of *Sweet Adeline* this season, is a talented little person to whom the business of being funny is obviously no trouble at all! Her first musical comedy appearance was in *The Student Prince*, and among the list of successes which followed, perhaps the most unforgettable was *The Nightingale* . . . A very engaging person this—vivacious and, for all her cavorting, appealingly feminine. A glorious voice she has—and grace—and a complexion of transparent smoothness . . . "I'm glad you think so," she says politely. "Especially now that I'm to do a talkie with so many close-ups! I care for it with Lux Toilet Soap."

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—and now the European Capitals . . . . 10¢

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Hunters at Aqueduct—All the Winners—Mr. Crowell and the Army

THE long-heralded United Hunts Meet, theoretically symbolizing spring, blue skies, warm sun, and a galaxy of cross-country horses, was in reality a sad affair of rain, mud, small and mediocre fields, and a general twilight-of-the-gods atmosphere. In the first place, Aqueduct, in Brooklyn's back yard, bounded by railroad tracks, dumps, goats, and tin cans, is not a course to help a race meet. Also, the second day conflicted with the Grand National down in the Elk Ridge country outside of Baltimore, which famous and always thrilling race drew most of the gentlemen riders and a good many dyed-in-the-wool hunting people, who like to see hunters run through natural country for four miles over unbreakable split-chestnut rails.

It seems to us that to change the name of the United Hunts would make the affair much less of an anomaly. Out of thirteen races only two were for hunters; in the rest, two-year-olds, selling platers, hurdle racers, and veterans of big-track steeplechasing, practically all ridden by professionals, provided the entertainment. The ways in which these so-called hunters get their necessary certificates for "having been regularly and fairly hunted at least eight times with a recognized pack of hounds" are many and devious; the whole method of qualifying hunters, be it for racing or the show ring, is a travesty.

THE American public was treated to two hurdle races, those hybrid affairs which are the backbone of English racing during the winter months, but which are seldom seen over here. They require a faster horse than brush races, yet it has to be a horse that can jump a bit. Mr. Shea's Fair Class had the proper footing and also a superbly nonchalant attitude toward hurdles, with the result that he just ran over, under, or through, as the case demanded, and won both races. Steve Donoghue's boy, Pat, appeared riding Stalker for Victor Emanuel, but Stalker didn't get him in the limelight. Mr.

Eric Drexel hot for the Chase *and Sanborn*

The morning is fine, the huntsman is keen, and the scent is FRESH . . . The fragrance is finer, the flavor is keener, and the coffee is FRESHER . . . The brand is the finest—your satisfaction is keenest—because —the Dated Can is the FRESHEST. Never in your grocer's store more than 10 days—delivery twice a week—with delivery date plainly marked on every can—this Dated Coffee is a delectable quarry with proper strength and spirit, but you can run it down at your own grocer's without effort.

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THE CLOSET SHOP—6th FLOOR

MACY'S
34th St. and Broadway, New York

Emanuel may not always pick the best yearlings, but he does himself well on the score of jockeys. Last summer he had George Dullar, reputed one of England's best steeplechase riders. Dullar went back home this winter to train the Emanuel horses there, and saw them run one-two in the Imperial Cup, which is the Derby of hurdle-racing.

Dangerous, with Pete Bostwick up, won both amateur flat races at Aqueduct. Augustus Goodwin, who never lets a Hunts meeting go by without winning a race, left Landboy home this year and let Marbro take the honors by winning the hunters' race the first day. Bill Street rode his usual masterly race, and just galloped home, although he was giving weight to everyone. John Bosley's Dragon de Vertu—whose name causes such agony to, and brings forth such profanity from, the talent on the three-eighty-five lawn—was a good second, and Tod Sloan kept his spring record unbroken by again running third. Poor old Rock of Cashel—whom the lawn players, always nervous about putting money on a jumping race (an alien, unpredictable thing) remembered as a horse with a pronounceable name and a tendency to win—could not get up. His legs can't move fast enough any more, though he tries every step. Charlie Cushman had a bad meeting, the worst in years, for he won not a single race, although he placed in a couple.

THE gentlemen's steeplechase the same day saw about the same horses going to the post, except that Marbro was resting on his laurels, and

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Tod Sloan stayed home, leaving the consolation of third place to Rock of Cashel. Dragon de Vertu kept the form sheets accurate by winning in a ding-dong finish with his stablemate San Romolo, ridden by Regan McKinney, who is never far in the ruck. Cushman rode Poplar Creek and had Bobby Davis on Markham; but after a nice first round, the former stumbled over a fence, while the latter, though fresh and running prettily, crossed his legs after landing over the last jump.

DOWN in Baltimore, Alligator came out of winter quarters better than ever, to win the My Lady's Manor race from a good field, with his old friend Charlie Plum up. It's going to be an upset if he doesn't win the Maryland Cup this week, for the longer the route and the higher the fences, the more his faultless jumping and easy stride will aid him. Dunk's Green hasn't been out this year, and his better half, Downy Bonsal, is laid up with a broken ankle; Sea Soldier got hurt at Middleburg—what other names can be spoken in the same breath with these three?

OVER in Brooklyn this week H. Hollin Crowell and the Army are once again locked in internecine strife. The Army has a bit more strength numerically, but Crowell has ten younger, fresher horses, all bought, schooled, and nurtured with one purpose—to beat the Army team in open jumping. We suppose this hobby isn't really any odder than collecting, say, little jade elephants, but it's a lot harder to do, because a horse doesn't always get the idea.

The one-horse civilian exhibitor is certainly a lamb among wolves when he tackles Mr. Crowell and the Army. Several of the classes have been closed to "publicly-owned mounts," which of course means the Army; but that doesn't keep Mr. Crowell's ten fancy leapers in the barn. So, like the frogs in the pond, the little fellows are as badly off as before. Long shots don't win against stables like that, at least not in the show ring.—TOUCH AND GO

•

PSHAW DEPARTMENT

[*From The New Yorker*]

They have beds, of course; almost always private baths, which are tiled in pastel colors . . .

Almost always private isn't enough, people tell us.

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ARI MUST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

THE OARSMEN

Columbia Takes the First—Some Crabs and M.I.T.—The New Boathouse

IT is not often that the first race of the eastern rowing season is as important as it was this year. Driving through a running sea on the Severn, the crews of Columbia and Navy proved themselves to be fine crews. There is hard work ahead for any eights that share the river with them between now and the end of June. Nor should the result of this first race mean that it will be safe to ignore M.I.T. Bill Haines, with everyone tolerantly pitying him before the regatta, sent three fine eights to the start, two of them to win and the other to make a very decent showing. It looks now as though more good crews will start at Poughkeepsie this year than at any other time since the end of the war.

A RACE at Annapolis is always a deep-sea affair. When the courses were originally laid out, one was carefully placed in the lower stretches of the river, where it runs into the broad reach of Chesapeake Bay. Each year the race is supposed to be held on it, and each year the wind comes up and everyone has to move two or three miles farther inland to the upstream course. Up there the banks are high and sparsely populated; there is no place where the onlookers can watch in comfort. All hands take to boats, and every craft that boasts an engine and a sound bottom is loaded to the gunwales and sent upstream with spectators. This also means a pull of four miles through wind-whipped water before the crews even reach the start. A little raft is anchored near the stake boats, and there the crews head in, climb from the shells, and dump out the water which they have collected on the way. By the time you are ready to race at Annapolis you are generally soaked through and have finished an ordinary day's workout.

Then there is the race itself, through a sea that sends the spray flying over the heads of the oarsmen and can almost always be counted on to cause a crab or two. M.I.T. caught all the crabs this time, two in the 150-pound race and a fatal one in the varsity. Somehow the lightweights won just the same.

The race looks rather like a war fleet fighting its way through heavy weather. The shells head the procession, plunging at the waves like destroyers; then comes a squadron of admirals' gigs, coaching launches, and motor boats, wallowing in one another's wash and struggling for vantage points. At the finish there is always a cluster of dull-gray submarine chasers and mine sweepers waiting.

There was no shouting at the end of this first race. Those boats waiting at the finish are full of midshipmen and their girls, and to have Columbia beat their varsity crew was startling to the Academy. All the Navy was certain that here was another Old Dick Glendon eight; and, in spite of being beaten, it is one, for a ten-foot difference in a boat race can hardly be called a difference at all. The midshipmen, however, can never quite be as satisfied with a good close race as other colleges. Their training is very different. There isn't much use in being second in a war.

THOUGH it came in first, Columbia is not the crew it was last year. Nor is that strange. It will be several years before Columbia has an eight like the one of 1929. This year's crew, nevertheless, is above the average, and borders on the sensational. Yale

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can't help feeling nervous during the next few days of practice, for Columbia will now get ready for the regatta at Derby, Yale's opening race of the year.

The stroke the younger Dick Glendon is using seems a bit different from that taught at Annapolis by his father, who, of course, invented the famous Glendon stroke. Columbia's men give the impression—it may be illusion—of taking hold of the water a shade harder than Navy, and of finishing not quite so far back.

Columbia went beautifully the last hundred yards of the race, and it was here that the powerful Navy eight challenged with a brutally high stroke. Columbia, answering, kept the length on the catch and caught together nicely, all eight men picking up the shell with each beat, and spacing even puddles at a beat of forty. It was a grand fight, with two real racing eights in action.

PRETTY as the varsity race was, the lightweight one was more dramatic. Tech's 150-pounders are stroked by one Kirkpatrick, who weighs about 135 pounds and who, the day before the regatta, chased his coxswain out for a run. "You'll weigh more than I do," he explained, "if you don't do some work." Anxious to begin, M. I. T. reached the start a half-hour ahead of the others and sat there ready, the cold wind beating into their faces, while the others drew up on the line. Finally they got away, and took a lead of almost a length on Navy. They held that lead more than halfway down the course. Then the pent-up excitement and strain began to tell, and somewhere in the middle of the boat someone caught a perfect crab.

The shell hardly lost a full stroke, but Navy had closed in a quarter of a

length. Still, Tech was going well once more, and so they stayed until the last two hundred yards. Then Navy began drawing up again. Gaining with every stroke, they closed in on a Tech crew that didn't seem to have anything left. Little Kirkpatrick tried hard, but he couldn't raise the beat much. Tech, it seemed, was through. Then, just three strokes before the finish, with Navy a half-length away, two oars went wrong in the waist of the Tech shell and No. 4 sprawled on his back in No. 3's lap, trying frantically to get his oar handle from behind his neck.

That should have been the end of things for Tech, but it wasn't. There were still six men left rowing, and somehow these six kept the shell running until it had crossed the line. Then No. 4 flopped over backward—but he didn't stay there. The man behind pushed him upright and held him while they cheered the winner. Navy wasn't to have the satisfaction of seeing they had worn out even one member of that crew.

AT ANNAPOLIS: Navy's new boathouse being opened by congressmen and admirals, and stared at with envy by the visiting crews. . . . Commander Jonas Ingram proudly watching people inspect it. . . . Old Admiral John Hubbard having the house named for him and receiving a varsity letter for winning Navy's first race sixty years ago. . . . Columbia's varsity shell swamping as the crew went aboard for the paddle to the starting line. . . . The Glendons, father and son, watching the race from the bow of the same launch. . . . The terror-stricken movie man clinging to his upset machine on the careening deck of a launch, one foot away from disaster. . . . Admiral Robison gallantly holding his gig back so that the movie men might take pictures.

—R. F. K.

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*A poem by Harold W. Mathus, in the White Plains Reporter*]

We have no L's or subways—
No Brooklyn Bridge to span
But we have things that's finer far
Than all the works of man!

For we have trees and flowers
And lawns of purest green—
A quiet night with the moon's soft light,
A cloak of silver sheen!

We feel more close to Nature
Out here in White Plains—
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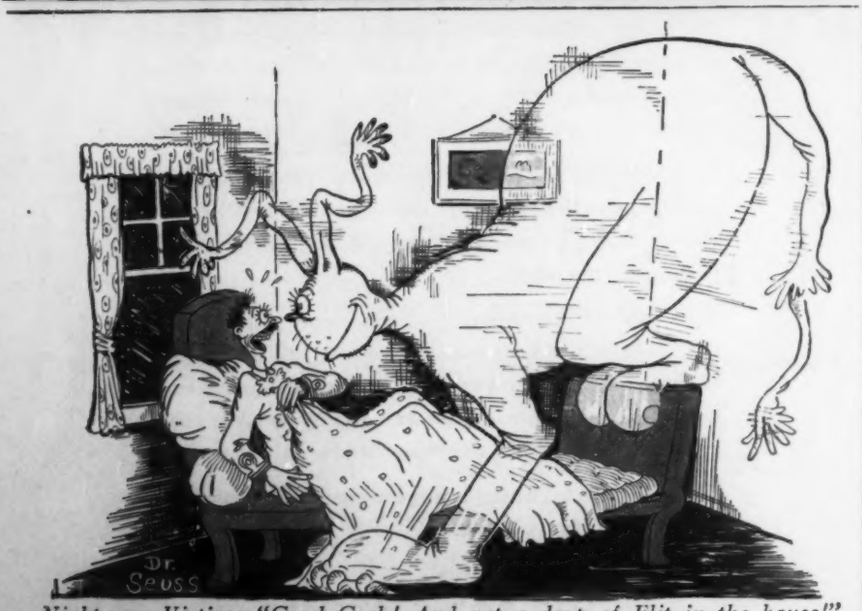

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THE RACE TR

Jamaica—Gallant Fox and t

ONE always spends the first two or three days of a new racing season getting oriented. There is nothing new about the Metropolitan Jockey Club's course at Jamaica—in fact it is much the same as when it was opened ever so many, I think twenty-eight, years ago—but we ran about and tried to find new vantage points and then went back to the old. Of course there always is a deal of greeting and handshaking, with people you haven't seen since the season closed last fall, and with those you've seen every day at Miami and Maryland. Opening days are traps for the unwary, particularly with so many horses coming to the races directly from winter quarters with what conditioning could be done in this uncertain spring weather.

THIS Saturday will see the first of the Preakness and Kentucky Derby candidates under colors in the Wood Stakes at Jamaica. Much ado has been made of the training of Gallant Fox this spring, and it is not at all to the liking of William Woodward, his owner. "So much talk of the Derby and future-book betting keeps the stable all stirred up, and the horses suffer in consequence," he told me recently. No doubt. I remember that the year Morvich won the Kentucky Derby a young man who owned a lunchroom in Louisville sold his shop and bet the proceeds on Morvich in the future books. When the colt came to Churchill Downs, he moved out to the track. He never intruded, but he always was around. He'd sit on the fence all day—and, I believe, most of the night—watching the barn. He didn't want anything to happen to his bet before post time.

Whether Gallant Fox goes to Kentucky will depend on his race in the Wood Stakes and then in the Preakness. I also have good reports of Mrs. Virginia Fair Vanderbilt's pair, Desert Light and Sarazen II, and of William Ziegler, Jr.'s, Spinach and Gone Away.

SYSTEMS for picking the winners are as countless, almost, as blades of grass in the infield. You can use the grandstand-handicap method—shutting one's eyes and jabbing at the

AC TRACK

llant Fund the Wood Stakes

race card with a pencil—or the alphabet handicap, a form of numerology. In Maryland they play the horses whose mutuel-ticket numbers end in zero—Sam Hildreth did that one afternoon and beat five races. There is the thirteen handicap. This always works best on Fridays. One starts off at the top of the race card and counts off the runners, counting over again if necessary until thirteen is reached. That horse is It. For the benefit of the incredulous, last Friday this worked twice, one of the selections winning at 18–1 and the other at 12–1.

The pari-mutuel ticket-sellers are supposed to know all the winners. Last Saturday, at Havre de Grace, a man went to the fifty-dollar window and laid five hundred dollars on the line. "I want to play a horse," he said.

"What horse?" asked the ticket-seller.

"Any horse," said the man. "You pick one." So he was given ten tickets on Harry Whitney's Pennate, who won at odds of 3–2. The ticket-seller told me his visitor never came back.

PENNATE, by the way, will be heard from later. On that occasion he was practically left at the post, but in the four-and-a-half furlongs he circled his field and won from the Rancocas Stable's Glidelia. In winning the Philadelphia Handicap from start to finish, Inception provided a good thing for the long-shot players. He displayed useful form last fall and winter, but hardly enough to lead one to suppose that he would be capable of winning a handicap of this importance. The truth is, I suppose, that Inception revelled in the mud and had not a great deal to beat. Bobashela gained second place, and Dinah Did Upset made a gallant if unsuccessful effort all the way.

ODDS AND ENDS: A Turf and Field Club is being formed in Delaware to foster hunt-club racing in that state, and the du Ponts approve. . . . William Woodward believes it is bad luck to put a price on a horse he does not wish to sell. . . . Vice-President Curtis would rather sit on a bench under the stand and talk to trainers than watch the races. . . . After his horses had won every start at Bowie, Walter Salmon came down to see Annapolis run, and he finished out of the money.

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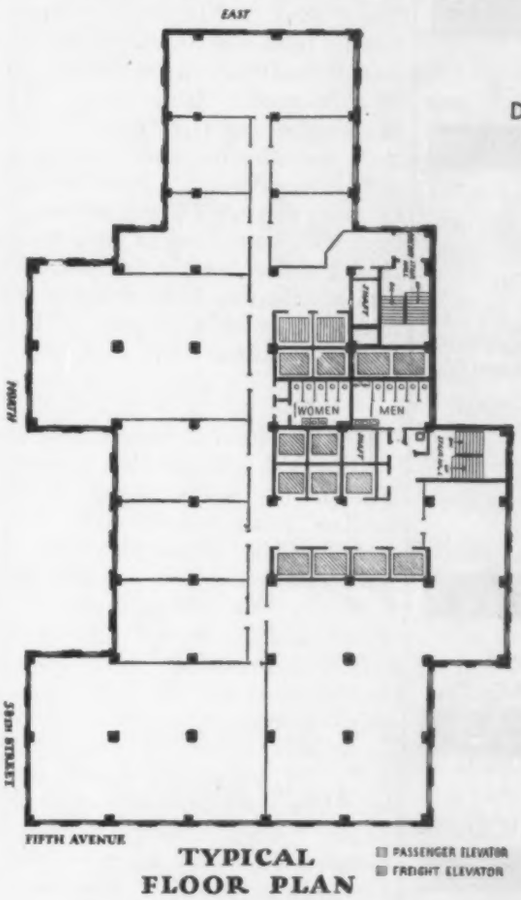

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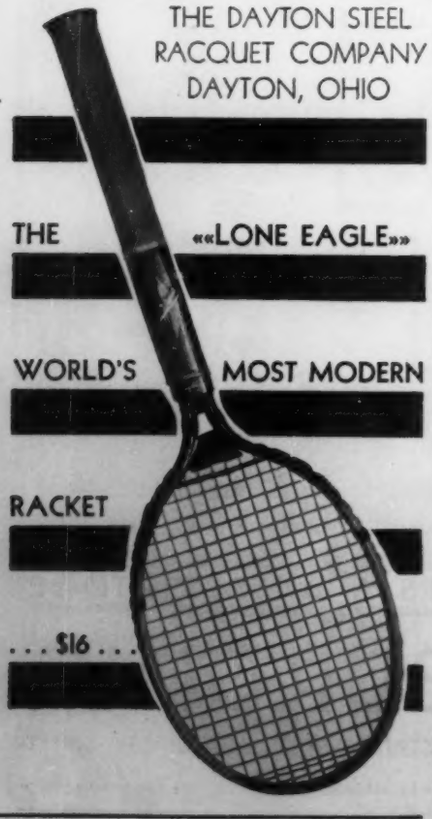

ON THE AIR

Spring Madness — Mr. Rogers Makes His Début—Long Distance

THE first lightning of the year arrived on schedule, and the beginning of the summer static crackled, appropriately enough, through the playing of the Good Friday Music from "Parsifal," with which Roxy officially opened the Easter-music season. From now on, nothing is certain. Spring madness has seized the programs and every orchestra leader on the air is trying to find another University of Maine "Stein Song." Mr. Vincent Lopez, playing from the St. Regis, has unearthed something that he thinks is particularly good. It is called "The Washington and Lee Glide." Mr. B. A. Rolfe has not made a bad choice in "Anchors Aweigh." Probably scouts are being dispatched to the smaller colleges with instructions to bring back a rousing college song at any cost. My own selection would be that gay tune from Utah which begins: "Who says we Mormon boys ain't got no style?"

THE loftier orchestral programs are also going in for duplicates. The last few weeks have produced a regular "Death and Transfiguration" contest. Mr. Toscanini played the Strauss tone poem twice and then Roxy contributed his version, conducted by Joseph Littau. Finally Mr. Walter Damrosch produced his "Death and Transfiguration." By this time, any little boy or girl with a radio set ought to be able to sing "Ta-ta-ta-ta, *ta ta!*" Of course, the Easter season brought out the usual holiday overlappings. Fauré's "The Palms" got off comparatively easily but there was a heavy run on "Parsifal." The program directors of radio stations really should get together and see that the holiday music isn't overdone. For instance, at Christmas, orchestras should draw straws for the privilege of playing "Silent Night."

THE most important of the new radio features is probably Will Rogers—but not to me. Mr. Rogers, at some thousands of dollars per minute, appears on the Squibb Hour Sunday evenings. He made his début for

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the Enna Jettick Shoe Company, but it was only a special appearance. His speech on this occasion seemed to me thoroughly tasteless, humorless, and graceless. As an endorser, Mr. Rogers is gauche; as a radio humorist, he is leaden. In his first air talk he said that Amos 'n' Andy succeeded because their sketches were clean. Which will give you a good idea of the workings of the Rogers mind.

IF you are going to the country and so are escaping from the clutches of the New York stations, you may be able to get some distant broadcasts, in spite of wavering weather. The only tragedy in getting distance is that, in most cases, the programs aren't worth the trouble involved.

However, the Canadian stations are really worth the effort; you get some excellent music, and some of the programs are bilingual. After all, an announcer speaking French is a pleasant change.

The Chicago stations are, for the most part, rather noisy, but some of them go in for barn dances and similar carryings-on. These merrymakings are amusing if you happen to care for the music of the jew's-harp. Station KDKA of Pittsburgh carries most of the features of WJZ, but its own special broadcasts are well above average. This station is the oldest in the country and has always made a specialty of its presentation of news events, weather reports, and adventure programs. Station WPG of Atlantic City goes in for jazz, local celebrations, and glad-hand programs. Station WGY, of Schenectady, like KDKA, has exceptionally good features that are appropriate to the hometown station of General Electric.

—A. S.

•

With regard to the letter from "Motormania," I can assure your correspondent that, precocious as is his son, my aged grandmother (93) has still more remarkable faculties of automobile detection. So sensitive is her ear for mechanical sound that she can distinguish between three different Rolls-Royces, two Daimlers and a six and an eight cylinder Lanchester. One of the Rolls is a Silver Ghost, and so that, of course, is simple. Should either of these cars require decarbonizing she can perceive at once the difference in the exhaust note, and has been frequently known to reprimand her chauffeur for wrongly retarding the spark of her 30 h.p. Minerva and thus causing unnecessary noise.—N. I. GOODMAYES, Essex—*Letter in The Motor (London).*

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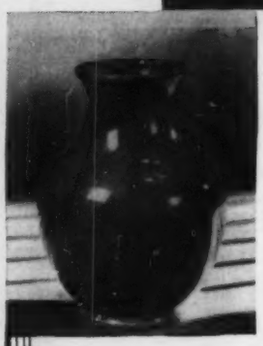

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—and here are things to put them in

R. Guy Cowan has designed this attractive pottery especially for Macy's. There are several other interesting shapes too, all in fine smooth glazes and exquisite colors. The little Holland bowl comes in azure, peacock, oriental red, russet, and a clear plum color. The bottle-shaped bowl in azure, peacock, plum, and peach.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Records and Revolts

AT the end of a full season there is still another fine show; de Hauke has assembled an exhibition of pictures that tell the whole story of that revolution in art known as cubism. The official chroniclers have set the span of the movement between the years 1910 and 1913, which does not seem a just estimate, for the influence of cubism can still be seen in the painters of today. Of the original group, two still hold a high rating in contemporary work—Picasso and Braque. Some have died, some have merely quit, and others, like Léger, seem to have come to the end of their tether. The pictures in this show make a stunning review of the revolt.

We suppose that Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending the Staircase" will still attract publicity. Nothing quite as mad and quite as unrelated to our matter-of-fact spirit could be imagined; but for some reason Duchamp did not carry on. It remains his best-remembered painting. There are also two de la Fresnayes—brilliant, beautiful conceptions that could make their début today and be considered good. The rest of the roster includes pictures by Gleizes, Marcoussis, Metzinger, Juan Gris, and Villon.

FOR its fifth show, closing this Saturday, the Museum of Modern Art has collected a group of paintings by artists under thirty-five. In such a heterogeneous assembly the main fun is in looking for unfamiliar names. However, of late, young men have had plenty of chances to find a gallery that will show their stuff, so you rarely come on anyone these days who has been hidden under a bushel. Among the painters in this show whom we had never heard of before, Edward Biberman interested us particularly. He is a New Yorker who has had the advantage of a five-year stay in Paris, but he has concealed that influence completely. In one or two canvases the colors are used in a daring way that suggests he may have something original to offer. Another newcomer, Herbert Morgan, is a primitive, which enlists our sympathy at the start. Morgan, who is said never to have had a

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lesson, goes in for the intense Rousseau attack. If he is as good as these pictures suggest and can keep on with this painful manner of producing them, he may develop into something worth while. Franklin Watkins, of Philadelphia, is a mystery. In one little sketch he has an academic study which you might attribute to an old man of eighty. Alongside is a careful Chardinesque treatment of a still-life.

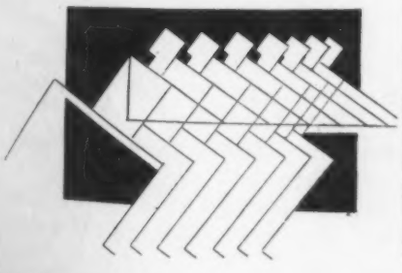
The other rooms have some rather exciting, alive things that seem to want to break their confines. There is Watkins for one, who may do something too. However, Paul Tchelichev, a Russian living in Paris, is too imitative of Picasso; and many of the others, such as Gorki, of New York, rely over-much on a badly digested fare of moderns.

THE show has, of course, some of the staunch young people whom we see frequently hereabouts: Peggy Bacon, Stefan Hirsch, Alexander Brook, Reginald Marsh, Joseph Pollett, Elsie Driggs, Covarrubias, Luigi Lucioni, and many others.

In the north room there are some early sketches by Burchfield. They are amazing to one who has liked Burchfield and has followed his emotional course. Two things are apparent: a desire to paint and a fine eye for color. We would imagine that young Burchfield was first given a book illustrated by Rackham and sometime afterward one by Beardsley. His later painting shows scarcely a trace of this early influence except in its color. Burchfield once wrote that he tore up hundreds of his first pictures. It was a natural impulse. We suppose it is necessary, though, that some be retained for the record.

There is also a room of sculpture. In this there is nothing new. The one American under thirty-five who has something different to offer in sculpture was not included.

DANIEL has a spring show, for the most part, of the younger men, but the high spots are two fine pictures by Preston Dickinson. These pastels



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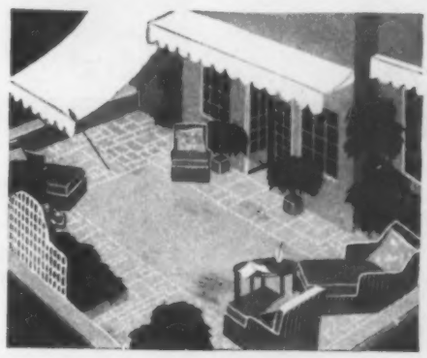

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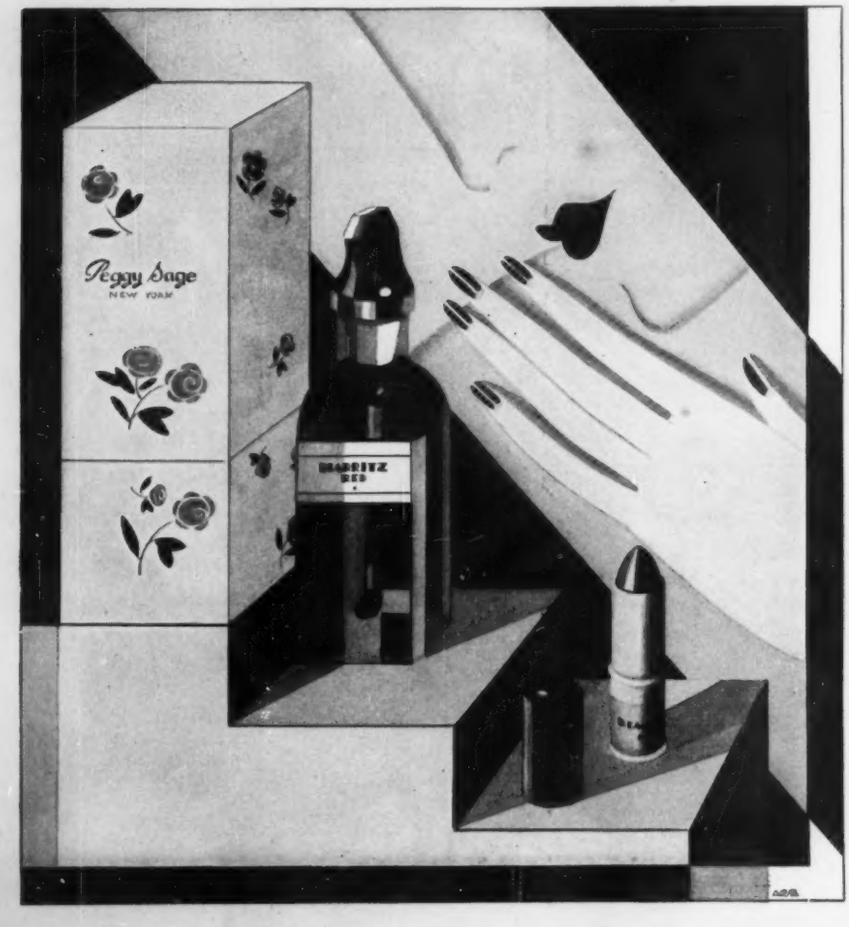

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are richer in color and higher in key than any we have seen from Dickinson before. They are thrilling pictures.

One of the younger men in this group, Simeon Braguin, shows a good deal of promise. He has a vivid color sense that can be brought to terms, and some idea of arrangements that are not hackneyed. Cikovsky, who has exhibited, now and then, a water color of a pleasant free mood, appears this time with an oil; he is coming along with his color. So is Raphael Soyer, who has lost a lot of the detail that has been bothering him. His last figure study contains a great deal of repose.

The Henry Billings picture, a study in contours that was in the Whitney Studio Galleries' show, is here. Elsie Driggs, Schary, Katherine Schmidt, and Karl Knaths are represented by minor studies. —M. P.

•

ANAGRAM RHYMES—VII

[CAN YOU SOLVE THE ANAGRAMS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING RHYMES? THE ANSWERS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 88.]

I

Give her a TINGLE, call up your girl,
Put in an "r" and you'll get curl,
She's growing milder with "e" and "n,"
Take "e" and "h" and explain it again.

II

Start with the ENGINE, your hand at the wheel,
Then add a "u" and this will be real,
These in a play with an "s" you will find,
Scramble the same and you will get blind.

III

IDOLS are SOLID when scrambled, you see,
But they are tainted when scrambled with "e,"
For these, plus an "m" and an "e," find the key,
And you've made them sacred by adding "n," "z."

IV

MIKES are now used in every state,
Scramble with "t" and you'll meet your fate,
Scramble with "a" and you're wrong, I'll avow,
Add "f" and "h," it's of use only now.

—ALBERT CARROLL

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

JIM

I HAD been there a week and he had taken no notice of me except to look disapproving if I happened to be powdering my nose. But today the boss was out, and he stopped to talk. He rested a great stack of papers next to my typewriter and pushed back his hair with an inky hand. One lock promptly flopped back into his eye.

"Is He in?" he asked in a low tone.

"No," I said. "He's gone for the afternoon."

He nodded absently and snapped the rubber band around the top envelope.

"I've been wanting to ask you about Jim," he said. "*He* doesn't like us to talk to the girls in the office, but I overheard you telling Him that Jim sent you over here from Morris'. I used to know Jim awfully well. I thought perhaps you could tell me . . ." He paused and suddenly looked frightened. "That is, if you aren't busy. If you're busy I'll wait. There's no hurry."

"It's all right," I assured him.

"Well, then, I thought you could tell me how Jim's getting along with the Morris people. I haven't seen him for seven months. It'll be seven months tomorrow; he just said he was tired of this place and walked out. I just wondered how he was getting along."

"Oh, he's all right, I guess," I said. "You know Jim. They like him over there, but he says he doesn't like them so well. There was some little row about an expense account; he's thinking of changing again."

He thrust his head forward eagerly. "That's just like Jim. He never is satisfied. I used to tell him that one place was as good as another, but he didn't listen. Restless." He snapped the rubber and looked at it, thinking. "I used to room with him," he said proudly. I watched him run his finger along the edge of the stack and noticed that he was older than I had guessed. If he would ever go to the country or the beach, I thought, he would have a lot of freckles.

"We were pretty good friends," he added, defiantly. "But we quarrelled." He glanced at me sidewise, making sure that I believed him. Little people are proud of having quarrelled. "You know Jim," he said, after a pause.

"Sure," I answered. "He must be hard to live with."

"IT wasn't that," he said. "That wasn't bad." He took out a package of cigarettes. "Have one? You needn't be afraid. Miss Simms used to smoke all

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the time He wasn't here. . . . No, I enjoyed rooming with Jim. I met a lot of people. It was only that I had to put him to bed sometimes, and I put that down to experience. There were always people in the room. You know Jim."

"Then what was the trouble?"

"Other things. . . . Is that for me?" The buzzer had rung twice; he jumped violently and looked around.

"It rang twice," I said.

"No, that would be Harrison. . . . It was other things. I always used to say to myself, 'Well, it's inconvenient and I'm leading a very irregular life what with the telephone ringing late at night and the landlady complaining about bottles under the window, but it's worth it.' You know, Jim's mighty interesting. He's worked at so many things, and wherever he goes there's some excitement. I don't know how he does it. The stories he can tell about the time he worked his way around Panama, it's as good as going yourself."

"I know."

"I can really say I enjoyed it. I worried a lot about his being so late to the office, and I was even late myself, twice. The first time since I started here, it was, and it made me feel bad. You know. But it was worth it, I always said."

"Then what was the trouble?"

"Other things," he said, darkly. "There was . . ." The buzzer rang again. At the third time he seized the papers spasmodically, but at the fourth he put them down again and sighed.

"THAT'LL be Miss Schwartz. I hope everything is all right in there. Nobody knows where things are but me; I've been working around here a long time. . . . But I want to finish about Jim. He used to be popular with the girls."

"He still is," I said.

"Yes, I suppose so." He pressed his lips together and looked out of the window at the oil-tank across the street. "I used to wonder why, sometimes. He isn't so good-looking."

"No, he isn't."

"He isn't nice to them either. He acts as if they weren't there. But I have a sister who came to town last year to visit Aunt Carrie and she saw him once and ever since then whenever she writes to me she sends him her regards."

"Does he remember her?"

"He pretends to. But this is how it is. Miss Simms, who was here before you —did you know her?"

"No."

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"She was a nice girl. She's with Mr. Grant of Fidelity now, and getting along very well, they tell me. She worked hard, and she was very good to her mother." He pushed the rubber band toward the middle of the file envelope and it snapped back and hit his finger.

"I sometimes went to lunch with her at that Broadway Cafeteria around the corner, and we used to talk a lot about things in the office and so on. Sometimes in the evening we went to the movies if there was someone at her house to sit with her mother. Jim didn't know her. He was engaged, anyway. He was always engaged," he added, without bitterness. "But one day when she was leaving for Jersey City to spend the night with a married girl friend she wore her blue dress, and Jim noticed her."

That seemed to be all. I waited for a moment, and asked "Well?"

"Well," he said regretfully, "I had to move away. We quarrelled."

"You quarrelled? Why?"

He looked proud again. "It was the way he talked. I don't know. I said to him, 'Well, Jim, if you're telling the truth, and I don't think you are, you ought to be ashamed. You shouldn't have acted that way,' I said. I said, 'I've known Miss Simms for a long time,' I said, 'and I'll have you know she's a nice girl.' "

"What did he say then?"

The buzzer rang three times and he jerked toward the door, grabbing his papers. On the way out he stopped.

"You know Jim," he said simply. "He didn't say anything. All he said was, 'Aw, how do you know she's nice?' So I quarrelled with him, and I moved . . . Yes, Mr. Leffingwell. Right away." —EMILY HAHN

•

SPRING CLEANING

Armed with her duster and whisk-broom
And turbaned with spare yards of cloth,
Belinda stalks about the room
And lunges at the fatal moth
With such an alien dignity
I wonder if by some quaint chance
She's conscious of a pedigree
That threads through twisted circumstance
Back to that storied Persian king
Who rode beneath pure turquoise skies
From flowery Ispahan each spring
To hunt the jewelled butterflies.

—HELEN MCAFEE

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE problem of what city people should do about wardrobes for their country weekends has been much simplified in recent years, since the interest of fashion dictators has turned toward tweeds and odd woollens that are suitable both for town and for country. I mean the real country, and not the suburbs, where perfectly nice people wear satin and lace in the afternoons. You really don't have to buy two wardrobes any more just because you have been asked to spend a few days in Tuxedo.

For people who are actually country-dwellers, however, it is still traditional that clothes should be suitable to their environment. The effect is smarter than in England, but the clothes are just as practical. Polo coats, for instance, have never been supplanted for motoring or active sports in general.

PECK & PECK have a knockout new polo coat, semifitted to eliminate bulk, belted of course, and having the lapel collar rounded off slightly into scallops, in the Chanel manner. Of imported natural camel's hair or of the softest white cashmere, which resembles camel's hair, for a sudden chill in midsummer. The knitted suit, which is also a country standby, has been endowed with interest by means of a new knit, in white or a neutral color, that resembles a rough tweed and has very bright colored flecks all through it in haphazard fashion. You can buy separate circular skirts, sleeveless sweaters, cardigan jackets with four buttons, which give a newer contour than the cardigans of two years ago, and berets of this fabric. For the casual businesslike shirts that no country-dweller ever has enough of, look at Peck & Peck's Roustabout shirts—with short sleeves and convertible collars that lace up—in a fine silk-and-wool mesh. Or at polo shirts of finely striped men's shirting in white and a color, for five dollars. Or at fine all-wool English Chevy shirts with round or V-necks. For summer, there is a large assortment of straight angora coats, unbelted and trimmed with stitching, at forty-five dollars. These have berets to match. There is a baku hat, with the moderate brim ascending in front in the newest way, but still shading the eyes enough. This has a deep pleat in the crown running from front to back and a simple grosgrain band. It comes in every possible color, and costs twenty-two-fifty. Also, do look at the new Straight and Narrow stocking, of a rather heavy silk with openwork up-and-down ribs a quarter of an inch apart. Scotch and Soda, a nice browny beige, is recommended for the country.

You will also find one of the world's great contributions to smiling in the rain. This is a straight belted coat of black, beige, or white heavy rubberized satin—it looks like an upholsterer's satin—with a buttoned-on shoulder cape. In black, it has a quiet but smart look for town; in white, it would be ideal for those roadster treks across Long Island when you have to be in evening dress for dinner. It is high time that sudden summer showers should be met gracefully, and this seems to be a bright way to do it.

All of these were seen at the 587 Fifth Avenue shop. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

WHEN I wrote my wail of woe last week about insulting children by the cut and the color of the clothes put upon their innocent backs, I didn't know that Bergdorf-Goodman are busy doing children's clothes which are sophisticated without being precocious. For instance, instead of enlarging baby frocks and putting belts around them for the awkward ages, they are engaged in playing down grown-up clothes and making frocks that are simple, well tailored, and so carefully cut that even the child of twelve achieves contours

"Would you care to see them on my arm?"
"Oh—er—that's really all I could ask."

An Impression
of the soirée chic

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA

Hal Phyfe

Smartness in evening gowns is clearly defined in this Bergdorf Goodman interpretation of sequin simplicity. Executed with authority and finesse, ranging from classic to elaborate, Bergdorf Goodman's evening gowns definitely point the way to a new and regal mode for chic activities.

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which are not ungainly. The belts have smart buckles, little darts through the waistline give shapeliness, the finish is like a grown-up's. They go in for tomato reds, odd yellows, pinky beiges, and brilliant dark blues instead of baby colors. For cool summer days, they have jumpers of wool mesh, with rosy beige crêpe de Chine applied on them to match the pleated skirt. There is a tab of crêpe de Chine on the front of the jumper for the child's monogram. Little two-piece dresses of the Boivin type, of bright crêpe de Chine bound with white, bloused a bit at the waist and having box-pleated skirts, also have monograms, and girls who are almost grown-up love them. There are ensemble suits that have tailored dresses and wool coats with the edges cut zigzag, Chanel fashion, and tremendously chic felt berets with two little feathers up the back which you might want copied for yourself. Although there is a stock of clothes all ready to take out, they prefer here to work out ideas for the individual child.

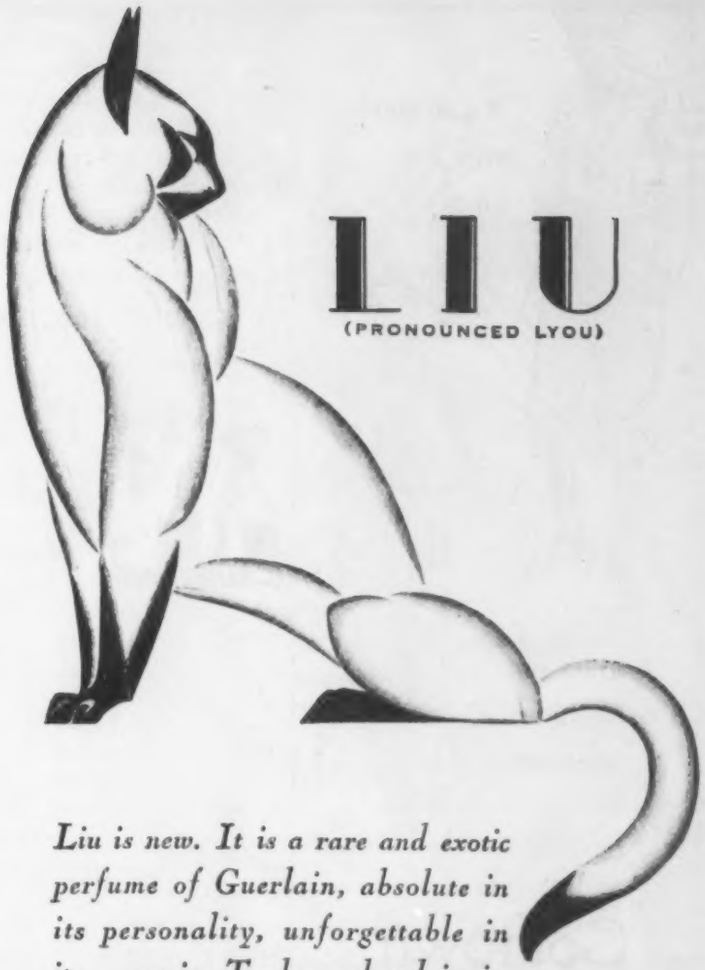
IF you are not too bewildered by the more or less modernistic magnificence of the Lenthéric salon at Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, you may pause to remember that a number of the frivolities of life are to be purchased here. In the first place, the Lenthéric perfume Lotus D'Or is very much in tone with that new-spring-suit feeling. It is a bouquet like a very lively garden, fresh and all mixed up, with no particular flower predominating. The Lenthéric face powder may be purchased in swell square clear-glass jars, with bright blue or red edges, done by a special Lalique process that is exclusive as anything. Also, by fortunate coincidence, these happen to be just the right size for cheap cigarettes. The third contribution to frivolity is a leather case containing a simple dull-gold double compact and a mother-of-pearl lipstick set, expensive in appearance, and costing but $7.

THE Opportunity Kitchen, 318 East Eighty-second Street, Regent 7432, started out with the idea of giving middle-aged women without regular jobs a chance to cook and make some pin-money. The profits go to charity. The place delights in preparing special foods for sick people, for instance, and will send chicken broths, roast squabs, and other delicacies to hospital or home. It caters for parties or for emergency meals when your cook, God bless her, walks out on you with-

out notice, and it sends entire meals out piping hot. You can also buy grand cakes, jellies, and other delicacies here.

Speaking of making food exciting, colored bread has ridden in out of the West to Charles, 48 East Forty-third Street. A real laugh for the kiddies, a chance for your cook to gratify her aesthetic sense, and for you to shine as a pioneer. The wheat is tinted with vegetable dyes—green, pink, orange, strawberry, and lemon-yellow (harmless and not altering the taste) and then made up into half or full-sized sandwich loaves at thirty-five and sixty-five cents. Imagine what you can do with nicely colored fillings, like lettuce, to match the living-room draperies.

HELTER-SKELTER DEPARTMENT: Best is showing frilly negligees of printed net, with a great variety of colors, for around $25. They have a ruffly collar that ties in front, short sleeves with two ruffles descending to the elbows, and a mass of tiers in the skirt. Very fresh and charming and old-worldly. . . . Jane Manner, who fixed up Vilma Banky so that she could spik Hanglish for the talkies, has a studio of speech and drama at 60 West Sixty-eighth Street, where you can learn not to say "ain't," "vat," "he don't," or otherwise give away your lowly origin. . . . Delman has a new court pump for spring, at $22.50, the front of it in kid or patent leather in various colors, the back and heel of a tweed crêpe that is verra, verra *suachée*. . . . Trepel, the new florist at Fifth and Forty-seventh Street, has a vast variety of blooms at moderate prices, and experience shows that they last beautifully. . . . Houbigant is out with a new compact which is made by pressing loose powder very closely together and does not employ the usual extra gluey ingredient to make it adhere. The result is that the powder comes off incredibly easily on your puff, is not harsh on your face, and doesn't seem to disintegrate any more than the old kind. . . . The newest way of seeing yourself as others see you is in an Ann Zell Truth Mirror—ugh!—on sale at de luxe department stores over the country. These have a white backing instead of the customary black one, and are supposed to give your coloring truer values than of yore. A large magnifying one that is too terrifying costs $35, and has tweezers in its handle. Smaller ones that mercifully do not enlarge—and shaving mirrors—are also available. . . . Ybry has come forth with a new Infusion de Parfum in



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ABOUT THE HOUSE

Curtains and Covers

IT has again been called to my attention — this time by no less authoritative a body than the Cotton Textiles Institute—that a good half of the cotton-dress fabrics floating about in the current market make really elegant curtains. The point has been thoroughly and personally investigated, and I assure you it's all true. To begin with, somebody has invented a whole series of a stuff I can only refer to as dimity organdie. It is sheer and crisp of texture, like organdie; it is striped like dimity—narrow or wide stripes, singly and in clusters. The result is a superior curtain, or I don't know my fabrics. It comes in white and the pastels, and you will see it about in the shops before very long, if not now. In the dress-goods departments, don't forget. I have heard no rumors to date of its being sold anywhere as a curtain material.

Then there are the voiles. The dress-goods patterns in this fabric are more or less tiny, and most of them look like awfully good nursery curtains to me. Percales ditto.

Checked ginghams, of course, have always had a summer vogue of a sort —but had you thought about piqué? My dear, *quelle* neglect! The new colors are really very good, and the piqués can be had as narrow-waled or wide-waled as you like. I don't remember ever having seen slip covers done in piqué, but I don't know why they wouldn't be good. The stuff is closely woven enough, and certainly it has an interesting texture. Any one of the more rugged pastels would be good, well tailored and bound in a contrasting color, or maybe navy blue, with bright red chintz binding. Besides, the stuff would make good summer spreads. There is a new variation with appliqué all over it in a leaf design; you could use this as a panel, with pleated side pieces of plain piqué.

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The appliqué kind comes in pastels, with the applied leaves in white, or in white with colored leaves. Altman has this in the yard-goods department.

AS for actual summer-curtain materials, the best news still centres around figured voiles in modern designs. This year's crop is lovelier, if anything, than last year's. Green and the autumn tones still predominate, but there is a fairly large outcropping of blue—possibly heralding a pastel vogue, to follow in the wake of feminine fashions (I must have my little prophecy).

Alice Starr, 143 East Fifty-sixth Street, has a good collection of voiles, all averaging pleasantly around a dollar a yard, and most of them from Schumacher. She has one cactus design in shades of green that ought to make a cool, shady bower out of a room facing a full southern exposure; the light coming through it takes on that underwater look I am known to get excited about. There is also a group of striped voiles—wide and narrow, mostly horizontal. These can be matched in a soft percale bearing the same design, for slip covers in the same room. This is possibly the newest ensemble note in summer decoration, and like all other ideas of its kind, it can be overdone. Nevertheless, I should say you could do a pretty grand room with curtains of a striped or flowered voile going clear down to the floor in straight folds, one or two chairs slip-covered in matching percale, and the rest in plain materials, carrying out the colors of the voile design.

Another bright idea along the same lines is done with a rayon fabric somewhat heavier than Celanese voile, with a graded zigzag stripe which can be duplicated in heavy linen for upholstery. In both fabrics the background is a natural color. The stripes come in green, henna, and mulberry. This is a Lehman-Connor combination, and you can buy it at Alice Starr.

THE trouble with a column like this is that it grows under your hands and you have a hard time stopping it. From this point on I restrict myself to briefly described high-lights.

To begin with—Permatex: This superior moisture-proof fabric has now emerged in patterns—diagonal plaids, blocks, and suchlike geometric pleasantries—to be used for upholstery, curtains, wall coverings, anything. At practically all shops, in all colors.

The Modern School: By all means see Adeline DeVoo's collection (120

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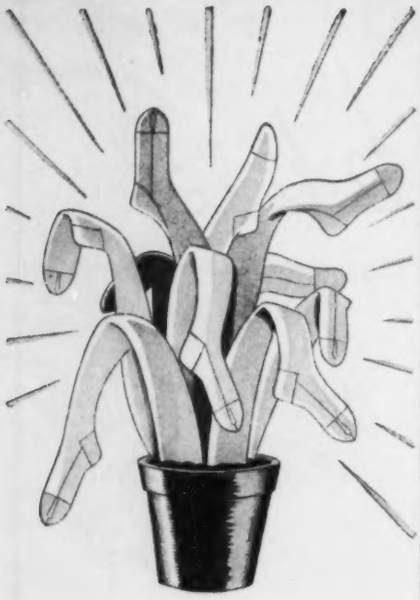
The seasoned traveller, with worldly tastes or very simple needs, has long turned to Dobbs for travel clothes . . . Coats with an easy, casual air . . . frocks that actually keep fresh and smiling no matter how you treat them . . . suits that are successful on both continents! Dobbs designs distinguished costumes for every jaunt from a week-end to a world tour.

This new three-piece suit of imported tweed goes many places, worn with its straight little jacket or its topcoat—both unlined. $145.00

The separate silk blouse has a tucked bosom front and a flattering pointed collar; in eggshell, white, beige. $14.50

SUIT SALON—SECOND FLOOR

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET



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You'll like to use Silk-Eze. It has the delicate odor of olive oil and makes a quick lather of soft bubbles in any water. No rubbing to take out spots and break the delicate fibres of the fabric. Just soak the garments in a sudsy tepid water. Rinse twice. Squeeze, don't wring. That's all. All the original beauty of the silken sheen is there.

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On the hosiery counter of the better department stores.

East Fifty-seventh Street) if you are interested in modern fabric design. There is a group of German things here that will simply carry you away. Damasks, shimmering, soft, and thick—like padded silk; voiles in unbelievably delicate colorings; heavy muslins in huge plaids; rich, costly fabrics in quiet colors; gorgeous tapestries in Bruno Paul designs, that actually come by the yard like any roll of gingham—you don't quite believe in them, but there they are, under your hand. It's a grand experience. Those tapestries, now; you could buy a yard or two and find yourself the possessor of a wall hanging you wouldn't forget in a hurry.

Chintz: No account complete without it. The general trend seems to be toward stripes, both plain and floral, in preference to all-over and repeat patterns. The Chintz Shop, 431 Madison Avenue, is showing several of these. They have also a new border chintz worth knowing about—just a wide, scalloped edging in a floral pattern, to use for valances and the like. The shop has found a nice use for this on its own street door. They have edged a roller shade with it, hanging the shade *over* the side curtains, which are of plain chintz held back by bands of the border material. When the blind is rolled up to the top, the scalloped border acts as a valance. Very neat, I calls it, and copyable.

I need hardly remind you about Macy's sixty-nine-cent chintzes. Macy has, however, done one new trick in the chintz department—this is a small draped dressing-table of maple, with the chintz skirts hung from under a valance of the wood, scalloped; very decorative for cottage guestrooms and things. The whole affair, if you will believe me, costs $4.64.

Lord & Taylor have definitely installed a seventy-five-cent department, full of unusually good chintzes. Right now they are featuring made-up curtain sets: three-yard side pieces, a valance, and tie-backs. These are $10 a pair, well and generously made, and bound in contrasting chintz. I mention them because they are unusual of their kind, and ought to save a lot of time and nerve-strain for little ladies with summer cottages on their hands. You know how we poor things do have to scurry about. —B. B.

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Late-Season Moderns—"Parsifal" as Written

BEFORE the music season had an opportunity to bid itself goodbye there was a sudden flare-up of modern music, and although I don't think that any of it will be heard again, it helped to add a little interest to a period that seemed as dull as a Wagnerian lecture.

Oddly enough, Mr. Toscanini was sponsor for the most ambitious new piece presented, the Symphonic Variations for Violin and Orchestra of Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco. Variations frequently are nothing more than excessive mastication of the same notion, and in spite of Castelnuovo-Tedesco's ingenious musicianship, the six variations and their Epilogo created no seat-throwing demonstration in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Toscanini conducted inimitably, and Scipione Guidi labored sympathetically with the solo, yet the total impression was that of an exercise by a composer who no longer needed to write one.

Conforming to the current formula, Castelnuovo-Tedesco introduced into his experiments with his subject a "Tempo di Fox-trot." This procedure is popular with Europeans, especially with those who seem to have no definite idea of what a fox trot is. Strictly speaking, the bits that are published in Europe as "shimmy" or "shimmy one-steps" are more in *modo di fox-trot* than any of their fox trots. The Castelnuovo-Tedesco fox trot missed the simple and obvious rhythm which underlies the genuine article, a failure which entitles the composer to join Stravinsky, Ravel, and other distinguished gentlemen in the corner.

FOR the most modern stuff in the most modern manner, it was necessary to hear the Copland-Sessions Concert in the theatre now known as the President. Mr. Copland and Mr. Sessions have a thoroughly intelligent principle behind their concerts: that contemporary music deserves to be played, regardless of its probable standing a hundred years from now.

To say that the extension of this principle into practice brings about programs of sustained charm may be an exaggeration. On the other hand, the Copland-Sessions musicales do not suffer from the lethargy with which most events at this time seem to be so well supplied. The latest exposition began with a quartet by Roy Harris, who still has a flock of musical mannerisms that seem to cover up something of genuine value. His Andante appeared to be the closest approach to the real Harris. The New World Quartet toiled vigorously with the Harris music and probably played it well. You never can be dogmatic about matters of interpretation at these affairs.

After the Harris music, something curious took place. A young gentleman named Imre Weisshaus appeared, to play three slices of new Hungarian piano music. The first two were nothing much, but the third—by the pianist—aroused not a little cachinnation. It was called a piano study, and presumably was an experiment in dynamics; but the stealthy *pianissimi*, followed by terrific *sforzandi*, were more entertaining than the composer expected. It sounded like an impression of somebody shampooing a goldfish.

Attention then was awarded to the works of Israel Citkowitz, a young composer—from Brooklyn, so it is said. He was represented by settings of five verses from James Joyce's "Chamber Music," and a piano sonatina. The Joyce rhymes are simply bad Herrick, and Mr. Citkowitz' settings are selfconscious attempts to convert old English moods into contemporary capers. Nevertheless, Mr. Citkowitz is something more than the usual young modernist, and his Sonatina, for all of its addiction to obvious tricks, is the output of an extremely talented worker. If he doesn't yield to the easy stencils of modernism you will hear more of him, and you may even enjoy hearing it.

As for a sonata by Fitelberg, I don't know why or what for, but somebody wanted to hear it, and it got itself well played by Jacques Jolas, who, unlike one of his fellow-pianists, remembered that the piano is not a device for measuring strength. It was a cosy sort of

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evening, with artists stepping from the stage to reappear beside you in the audience, and if no masterpieces came to light, that can't be charged against the Messrs. Copland and Sessions, who are giving the young musician more than an even break.

THE uncut "Parsifal" was an event, not because a few passages hitherto omitted had been restored, but because Mr. Serafin conducted it. "Parsifal" is not an opera (beg pardon, "consecrational festival play") that can push itself across the footlights on its own momentum. "Tristan" makes its effect against almost any sort of singing—which is the sort it usually draws—and "Die Meistersinger" can survive practically every abuse; but "Parsifal," managed without sympathy and a certain lack of awe, is just a fine old bore. I don't mean that the consecrational festival play is in itself a guarantee of a tedious evening; yet it is not everybody's music, and it calls for just such intelligent handling as it received from Mr. Serafin.

Whether or no the de luxe Wagnerites approve of it, Mr. Serafin directs "Parsifal" as if it were something with melody, and a continuity of melody and consecrational festival play it may be; but it is principally a lyric drama, and a good one. If the sustenance of a lyric mood is "Italianizing" a composition, Mr. Serafin may be said to "Italianize" "Parsifal."

There were two partly different casts involved in the "Parsifal" performance. The first included such novelties as Gustav Schuetzendorf in the rôle of Amfortas, which he engineered with his customary voice. Siegfried Tappolet was a resonant Gurnemanz and Adamo Didur a vehement Klingsor. Mme. Ohms was the new Kundry, and a somewhat warmer article than many of her predecessors. However, the story of the Metropolitan's "Parsifal" this season is the story of Mr. Serafin's conducting; and the audience forgot about the consecrational and festival business to give the little conductor a richly deserved hand. —R. A. S.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Two of Each—Chamber Music and Importations

MORE and more it becomes possible to give concerts of comparative recordings. If you have

Stravinsky's own version of "Le Sacre du Printemps," recently released by Columbia, you may now play it in competition with the Stokowski presentation offered by Victor. Which of the two you will prefer depends on how much you care for "Le Sacre" in the first instance. Mr. Stokowski's performance is more brilliant, more theatrical; the composer's performance is rather on the classic side, if the adjective may be permitted in relation to Stravinsky. In any case, if you happen to have guests and simply don't know how to keep them amused, try playing the two sets of records one after the other. Maybe that will help you to be rid of your guests; so you can't lose by owning a set of "Le Sacre."

Another duplication in the lists is the Tschaikowsky fourth symphony, now brought out by Columbia, with Mengelberg and the Concertgebouw. As recording, this is cleaner than the Victor version by Stokowski, and it also is more orthodox. Again, if you must make a choice, you have a conventional (but in this case exceedingly vivacious) interpretation to set up against a glittering and highly individual effort.

By the way, if you collect Tschaikowsky, don't miss the Elégie from the String Serenade in C, which the Philadelphia Simfonietta has done for Victor. Even if you don't collect Tschaikowsky, you will like this record because of its musical charm and its excellent reproduction of string tone.

EVIDENTLY somebody at Victor is trying to vary the list of albums with a few incursions into light music and even into talk. There is available now a packet of recordings of Rudolph Friml, the conductor being Nathaniel Shilkret, who makes the most of his not very obscure opportunities for lush lyric lines. Mr. Shilkret, in fact, is the hero of this collection, for the vocal interludes are not notably distinguished.

Another Victor novelty is an assortment of discs by Sascha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps. If you understand French or can pretend that you do, what a grand time you'll have with this lot! Even if your French is limited to "*à la carte*," you'll be fascinated by the music for the "Mariette" records in the series. It is by Oscar Strauss, and it is some of his best. There also is music from Hahn's "Mozart" and Messager's "L'Amour

LILY OF FRANCE
DUO.SETTE
STEP.IN
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CHAMBER-MUSIC enthusiasts will leap for the Columbia recording of the Mozart B-flat Quartet, sometimes called the "Hunting Quartet." The Leners are the performers and this is one of their finest waxings. Incidentally, the booklet which accompanies this work is not only sound musically but so written that even a chamber-music hater could become interested in the records. Columbia also contributes an unusually good piano offering—the G-minor Ballade of Grieg, covering four sides, played by Leopold Godowsky.

A FEW odd items from the Gramophone Shop include a richly toned "Tristan" prelude by the Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by Richard Strauss. I have heard no finer issue of the Prelude, and the recording by Polydor is remarkable. From the French Victor comes Debussy's rhapsody for orchestra and saxophone, played by an otherwise unidentified M. Viard and an *orchestre anonyme* under the direction of Piero Coppola. For those who want a slight surprise, there is an album of arias by Mme. Elisabeth Ohms. The surprise is in the fact that she records remarkably well; the accompaniments are up to the unusual Polydor standards.

THERE is a new magazine devoted to critical surveys of domestic and imported records—*Disques*, published by H. Royer Smith in Philadelphia. It is recommended cordially to all who want extensive information about new issues; and it is probably the most remarkable publication ever printed in at least one respect: the publisher has records to sell, but if he doesn't happen to like some of those on his shelves, he doesn't mind telling you so. —R. A. S.

•

NEWBURY ST. Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing but nobody else does. Therefore I am advertising 2 front rooms modernly furnished with best of everything at 230 Newbury St., crying out loud to be occupied.—*Adv. in the Boston Transcript.*

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, APRIL 16

I DOUBT if hardened first-nighters have ever come closer to tears than they did at the now-famous début of the Duchess Theatre, which opened its doors for the first time with "The Intimate Revue." I have never witnessed anything so pathetic or embarrassingly intimate. The players forgot all their lines, and the voice of the prompter was clearly heard crying in the wilderness. He had a peculiarly resonant voice, and he was called upon so often that after the first half-hour he just read out the script as the action proceeded, till one became quite accustomed to his explanatory undertone and grateful for it. At one point he corrected in a ringing and determined manner an actress' paraphrase of her lines. There were the usual accidents with the curtain, which would not stay up, and which would not come down. On one occasion the confusion was so great that it was tactfully lowered. In addition to this, stagehands wandered forlornly all over the stage. An impassioned love ballad was interrupted by the appearance of a plump, unshaven gentleman in a bowler hat, with a dead cigarette between his lips, and a hammer. Later on a violently protesting member of the orchestra was thrust on the stage carrying a violin. He scrambled and blushed before he went to cover. At the intermission the most sensitive in the audience left, but the other half remained to laugh. There were times when one was more ashamed of the audience than of the revue.

THE production was taken off after one night, for repairs, and cries were raised that a new record had been made for the shortest run. Old gentlemen, however, who were playgoing in the seventies, remember a piece that was withdrawn at the Haymarket Theatre after half a performance. It was inordinately long. At two o'clock in the morning the actors were still declaiming their way toward the end of the second act, to an audience composed of a sleeping gentleman in the stalls and a pair of lovers in the gallery, when the weary stagehands finally brought the affair to a sudden and entirely un-

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expected close by abruptly yanking the carpet from under the performers' feet.

CHARLES B. COCHRAN'S "1930 Revue" is now on the boards, with Mr. Beverley Nichols questing for comparison with Noel Coward. My complaint against both is that they are clever but not particularly funny. A revue, I take it, should alternate between legs and laughter—and now, because it is 1930, even the legs are denied us. This is not to say that Mr. Cochran's young ladies are not as beautiful as ever. They are. Indeed, they are the life and soul of the show, and time and again are brought on to effect a necessary rescue. Dancing plays a great part in this revue, as it always does, but some of the larger ballets are a bit odd. Serge Lifar has done these, with music by Lord Berners. In one called "Freaks," a grotesque parody of the circus, Alice Nikitina is supposed to have one leg and Serge Lifar to have six arms; but Nikitina is easy to look at whatever she does, and Lifar is always excellent. The success of the evening, however, is Maisie Gay. This plump and delicious lady is definitely funny.

Mr. Cochran's revues are good enough to stand criticism, and despite some serious defects, the "1930 Revue" will certainly live on into 1931. Beverley Nichols has written at least one tune which will be played everywhere, and Mr. Cochran, Miss Gay, Mr. Lifar, Miss Nikitina, and Mr. Nichols will all become rich.

THE death of Mr. A. W. Gamage brings to light another of those romantic stories of big business and little beginnings. He was born in Hereford in 1855 and came to London forty years later. He took his watch to be cleaned to a small shop in Hol-

Ten minutes from everywhere "Penthouse" calls them

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born, and as he stood talking, the watchmaker said, "What this district needs is a hosiery shop." Mr. Gamage raised a hundred and fifty pounds and started business. In the first week he made twenty-four pounds. Today Gamage's is one of those vast multicellular places, and another enormous West End branch is going up at this moment hard by the Marble Arch.

It was not, however, through drapery that Mr. Gamage achieved immortality. His departure will be mourned by every man who has been a schoolboy in the last forty years. There is not an Englishman living who has not concealed a Gamage's catalogue within the innocent covers of a Latin dictionary, or turned a few guilty pages behind the lid of his desk under the pretence of looking for a nib. For Gamage's sold everything the heart of a boy could desire, from the most expensive and elaborate model airplanes, trains, steam engines, electric-light plants, and bicycles, down to those glorious trivialities such as sneezing powder, plate-lifters, stink bombs, explosive cigarettes, upset inkpots, and other devilments. The huge Christmas bazaar at Gamage's was a sort of hell on earth in which small boys rushed, gloating, when their mothers' backs were turned.

THEY have rather a nice scheme on hand in the House of Commons. A very costly apparatus now washes and warms the air, sterilizes it, and pumps it in under the benches, but members have been complaining that the air, though pure, is "dead;" it upsets their appetites and makes them sleepy. So Mr. Tom Groves and Dr. Forgan have evolved a remedy, which is to spray our legislators with oxygen and alcohol. Dr. Forgan recently locked ten distinguished volunteers in a room and tried the mixture on them. They sat still, sniffed, and paid keen attention to any changes in their well-being. At first they enjoyed the scent of the mixture, then they felt stimulated, and finally they felt "dynamic." This seems to be about what is needed, so if the First Commissioner of Works, when he tries the experiment, finds himself becoming dynamic too, the idea will be adopted. —A. G.

•

RED CHOW—Will exchange for an electric radio, or what have you? Lawndale 5783.—*Evanston (Ill.) paper.*

We have a lot of restraint, among other things.

Here's Shufflin Sambo

A fascinating FELLOW

who struts, clogs, stomps and tap dances in time to music with just a little encouragement from you.

94¢

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THE seaside boulevards of Paris, those sparkling summer resorts of the French Channel coast, the international capital of society.. golf and tennis..Le Touquet.. through apple-blossomed Normandy, Rouen of the spires of Jeanne d'Arc legends ... Deauville, Dinard and Biarritz, the whirl of fashion in its gayest mood...loiter through the chateau country where dream towers crown each hill...Roman France, the land of the troubadours, Avignon and the Palace of the Popes... the snow-crowned, torrent-riven Pyrenees with its picturesque Basque country... the whole Riviera with its daring sun-worshipers... to Dauphiné and the French Alps ... Vittel and Contrexéville nestling in the Vosges with their famous thermal springs...war-shelled Verdun and Rheims with its acres of caves...Paris in springtime and your favorite canter through the Bois.

Information and literature on request

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THE SATYR'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Gramercy Square is the properest square
That ever ironed in
Its sacred turf, and it was there
That I sinned an ill-bred sin.

'Twas the time of year when buds are new
And spring comes on apace
That I issued out of the burlicue
That is down in Irving Place.

A tender breeze was whispering;
The evening shadows fell;
My brain was hot with youth and spring
And life and Babe Lavelle.

And when I came to Gramercy Park
With its iron fence around
I paused as one adream to hark
To an unforgotten sound.

The vessels pounded in my head,
A wild laugh filled my throat;
I heard the pipe of the capriped
That plays upon an oat!

My breath became a vernal gale,
A lightning charged my lymph,
For sitting there inside the pale
I saw a taunting nymph!

(I had often passed by Gramercy Square
And sometimes I had seen
Some well-bred dogs and children there
Upon that guarded green,

And sometimes through the awesome gates
I'd seen a maiden sad
With specs like William Butler Yeats',
But never an oread.)

I leaped the iron barrier!
I seized her by the waist!
Her startled lips were merrier
Than brandy to the taste!

She broke away. She turned. She ran.
Throughout my mad pursuit
I heard the oaten reed of Pan
Go toot and tweedle-toot.

'Twas fleeing nymph and avid faun—
Retreat and laughing lust,
While all the grave hotels looked on
With dignified disgust.

I seized the ribbon that she wore
About her neck—but nay!
She gave a jerk. The ribbon tore.
My dryad got away.

I know not how I left the park
Nor how I came to stand
Outside the gates in the growing dark
With a ribbon in my hand,

But horror waited to perplex
Me there outside the gates.
From the ribbon hung a pair of specs
Like William Butler Yeats'.

—JAKE FALSTAFF

• •

RANK INJUSTICE

Violations of the Principle of Common Justice, as Noted in the Daily Papers

LOCALE	VICTIM	CIRCUMSTANCES	INJUSTICE
Mexico City	Miguel Martinez	Acted as referee in a duel	Martinez was killed. The duelists, unhurt, fled.
Akron	The Reverend W. Dietrick	Delivered a stirring sermon on honesty before his congregation	In the meantime, somebody slipped out and stole his overcoat.
Chicago	Officer Whitwell	Assigned to the special task of preventing auto thefts	Agonizedly reported the theft of his own car the next day.
Pittsburgh	Bernard McGowan	Robbed of $55 by a bandit who was immediately captured	The bandit was fined $50, the remaining $5 being returned to McGowan.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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THE LITERARY LIFE

THE American Bibliophile Society was holding its annual dinner. One after another, in accordance with a long-standing custom, each member had arisen to tell what he considered his most important acquisition during the year. One had, after years of effort, obtained the diary of Alexander the Great; another, an account book of household expenses which had been kept by Aristotle; a third, the original manuscript of "Paradise Lost."

So it went until old Henry Weincoff, the President of the Society and the last one to speak, rose to his feet. There was no trace of excitement in his manner, no dramatic pause such as a bibliophile of lesser renown may have stooped to, no note of triumph in his voice.

"I have," he said simply, "collected a complete set of the current New York telephone directory."

There was a moment of intense silence, a nervous burst of applause, and then silence again as the real portent of these simple words began to filter through the minds of those present.

"A *complete* set?" someone asked dubiously.

"A complete set," Weincoff repeated quietly. He raised his hand commandingly to still the excited buzz of conversation. "I do not want you to take my word for it. Let us all adjourn to my home and I will show the set to you."

A HALF-HOUR later they entered the noted bibliophile's huge library, passing rapidly from one book-filled room to another until they came to one large enough to be used as a ballroom.

"This is the New York Telephone Book Room," Weincoff announced. "See for yourselves."

Like so many bloodhounds on the scent, the bibliophiles began scouring the shelves. At each new discovery their wonder increased. There they were, there was no doubt about it: "Manhattan," "Brooklyn," "Bronx," "Classified," "Suburban," "Kings," "Queens," "Jacks," "Treys," "Aces," "Long Island," "Ellis Island," "Staten Island," "Floating Island," "Floating Island Suburban," "Floating Island Classified," "Floating Island at Yale," "Floating Island in the Trenches," "Floating Island and the Secret Ten," and so on until the count showed eight

OUR CHEF IS "ON THE MAKE"

EATING (believe it or not) is still a fine art . . . if you eat at The Benjamin Franklin. Old Ben, himself, established our standard, and you know what a batting average he had as the lead-off gourmet of his day. (He entertained Commodore John Paul Jones one day at dinner and did the honors with a black-bird pie . . . actually!)

Maxime, our chef, got his earlier training in Paris, where eating is still the pre-occupation of the populace. He can prepare for your jaded palate Terrapin a la Maryland as you would eat it on the East'n Sho', suh; or lobster thermidor as it is served chez Prunier; and spaghetti Caruso as Alfredo would dish it out in Rome . . . or . . .

succulent, mouth-melting shad, so inimitably prepared . . . *without a single bone* . . . Here is the piece de resistance supreme, worthy of travelling all the way from Broadway to excite the blase gourmandic New Yorker!

Tempting? Seductive? That's Maxime's art! Anything you desire, as you want it . . . hot, cold, rare, medium, well-done, with sauces, without sauces, garnished or in the nude . . . what greater pleasure is there in life than to eat good food? Except . . . to eat more of it!

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THE DORSET
THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH
Adjoining Fifth Ave.

thousand, three hundred and forty-seven, the number listed in the "Book Collectors' Manual" as being a complete set.

Excitedly the bibliophiles gathered around their President, congratulating him on actually achieving what had been the life ambition of book collectors the world over.

There was a knock at the door and a servant entered with a letter for Weincoff. Excusing himself, the noted collector opened it. He read but an instant, then clutched at his heart, and pitched lifeless to the floor. Mechanically one of the others picked the letter up. "It's from the Telephone Company," he whispered huskily. Amid a painful silence he read:

"We take pleasure in informing you that increased business has made it necessary for us to issue additional books for each of the following points: Harlem, Chelsea, Yorkville, Yorkville Classified, Yorkville Assorted, Yorkville with Hard Nut Centres, Washington Heights, Washington Heights White, Washington Heights Colored, Washington Heights Sunburnt, Coney Island, Coney Island Clam Chowder, and Coney Island I Hear You Calling Me.

"In dialling a number be sure the receiver is off the hook."

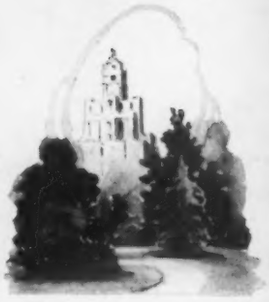
—JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

•

TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE

Juror Five appears a little
Set in favor of acquittal.
Number One, in contradiction,
Leans to swift and sure conviction.
Three (a shipping clerk) is rather
Bored with all the fuss and bother.
Number Ten, a dapper fellow,
Notes the plaintiff's shoes are yellow.
Six (Augustus Miller, tanner)
Doesn't like the judge's manner.
Seven, weary-eyed, unfeeling,
Counts the fissures in the ceiling.
Twelve, who's quite unused to collars,
Wonders how he'll spend four dollars.
Number Eight, old hand at trying,
Thinks the witnesses are lying,
And Eleven, dozing, nodding,
Is a mark for constant prodding.
Number Two (bricklayer, married)
Thinks the County's point is carried.
Nine, who's bound for Queens for dinner,
Hopes his horse came in a winner.
Juror Four (three sons, one daughter)
Only wants a glass of water.

—PARKE CUMMINGS



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The H. C. COOK CO., 8 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.
NAIL Gem Clippers
Gem Jr. 35c

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The One Bright Spot —Long and Dreary— Merely a Bit Mad

AT the present moment the Rialto is offering as good a show of a light and gay nature as any movie theatre in Broadway. Not only do you want to get in to see "Paramount on Parade," but you must include the animated cartoon in your visit. This little trifle is called "The Prisoner's Song." Some time when I am in an ambitious mood, and one fit for lofty thought, I shall go into heavy research and cloistered reflection on the subject of these sprightly bits the movies turn out. I might even gain a name for myself by proclaiming them the great American art. They deserve more comment than they get.

"Paramount on Parade" is one of the liveliest revues the movies have offered. Elsie Janis had something to do with supervising the show, giving it a pat here and a poke there, which doubtless accounts for its general brightness. There are times, to be sure, when Miss Janis must have been taking her nap or having her hair done; especially, I feel, during the Ruth Chatterton number. I do not mean to indicate that she will include this task as one of the great feats of her career. The picture ranks high, however, as a movie revue, though the standard for these spectacles is not overwhelming.

The honors of the film belong probably to Jack Oakie and Chevalier, who are kept busy cavorting about and singing away. Harry Green's "I'm Isadore the Toreador" is a pretty concept. Helen Kane as a schoolmistress might inspire experts in education, and even Miss Bow seems almost as attractive, for a moment, as she is reputed to be thought by the navy. There is another of those astonishing movie children coming to the front, a Miss Mitzi Green, who is amazing in her imitations of Chevalier and of Mack (of Moran and Mack). There is nothing Dotty-Dimple about Mitzi Green.

MY geniality more or less collapses when I consider the other pic-

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and lovely lips now blend in radiant harmony

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LIPSTICK REDS

WHEREVER fashion lifts fine hands there's a flash of red on nails. And with Glazo's gay new Lipstick Reds, smart fingertips now may gleam in tints that blend with the color of your lips.

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If your lipstick is *light*—use Flame on nails. If *medium*, use Geranium—and if *dark*, use Glazo Crimson.

And the color of these Lipstick Reds, like that of all Glazo Polishes, is as constant as the jewels with which Glazo goes so well. Flame, Geranium or Crimson are lovely always—unchanging in color—under any light that shines.

You can see Glazo's Lipstick Reds at any smart toilet goods counter. Whether your favorite lip rouge is light, medium or dark, you'll find in Flame, Geranium or Crimson a perfect blend between fingertips and lips!

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Katharine Cornell

in **DISHONORED LADY**

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By John L. Balderston
With Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore

LYCEUM THEATRE 45 St. E. of B'way.
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

CHANINS 46th ST. THEA. Mats. THURS. & SAT. 2:30
Entire Balcony Good Seats $1, $2, $3. (No Tax)
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EARL CARROLL New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR

"SKETCH BOOK"

featuring WILL MAHONEY, WILLIAM DEMAREST, THREE SAILORS, 56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
"The play is an event. It is not a play to miss." —Sun
LAURENCE RIVERS presents

THE Green Pastures

By MARC CONNELLY

"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

44th STREET THEATRE West of Broadway

JOHN McCORMACK

in **"SONG O' MY HEART"**

A Movietone Romance with Song, Comedy and Sentiment
Presented by WILLIAM FOX
Twice Daily 2:45-8:45—Sun. at 3:00, 5:45 & 8:45; Nights 50c to $2.00. Mats. (Exc. Sat.) 50c to $1.00

THE LAST MILE

"Called out the rare 'Braves of this season'."
Gilbert Seldes, Graphic

SAM. H. HARRIS THEATRE, 42nd Street West of Broadway
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

An Evening of Thrills and Laughter!

"THE BLUE GHOST"

FORREST Thea. 49 St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

A JED HARRIS Production
CHEKHOV'S COMEDY

"UNCLE VANYA"

Acting Version by Rose Caylor

Osgood PERKINS	Lillian GISH	Walter CONNOLLY
Eugene POWERS	Joanna ROOS	Eduardo CIANNELLI

CORT THEATRE W. 48th St. Evs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY

By Ivan Turgenev

GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THE APPLE CART

Bernard Shaw's Political Extravaganza

ALVIN Theatre, 52nd St. W. of Broadway Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

HOTEL UNIVERSE

A new play by PHILIP BARRY

MARTIN BECK Thea. 45th St. W. of Eighth Ave. Evgs. 8:10 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:50

LEE SHUBERT *Presents*

ETHEL BARRYMORE Theatre 47th W. of B'way
Evs. 8:50. Matinées Wed. and Sat. 2:40

PHILIP MERIVALE in

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

An Unusual Play about Life

MUSIC BOX Thea., 45th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

TOPAZE

The Comedy Hit from the French
with
FRANK MORGAN
PHOEBE FOSTER—CLARENCE DERWENT

SHUBERT Thea. 44th W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The MESSRS. SHUBERT Present
The Glorious Musical Romance

3 LITTLE GIRLS

Great Singing and Dancing Cast. Revolving Stage.

GRACE GEORGE

in the St. John Ervine comedy

FIRST MRS. FRASER

with A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith

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AMBASSADOR Theatre 49th St. W. of Broadway
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Connolly and Swanstrom's Hit

JACK DONAHUE
SONS O' GUNS
LILY DAMITA
(By arrangement with Samuel Goldwyn)
ALBERTINA RASCH GIRLS

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EXTRA MAT. FRIDAY, APRIL 25th

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BROADWAY AND 46th ST.

ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME

Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE

PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Shows every Saturday

ARTHUR HOPKINS Presents

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a Comedy
By DONALD OGDEN STEWART
with HOPE WILLIAMS

PLYMOUTH Thea., W. 45th St., Evs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

8th CAPACITY MONTH

Brock Pemberton Presents

Strictly Dishonorable

Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton

AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger* Evs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

---

50 MILLION FRENCHMEN

A Musical Comedy Tour of Paris
with WM. GAXTON & GENEVIEVE TOBIN
"'Fifty Million Frenchmen' happens to be just the best thing of its sort in seven or so years."
—Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American

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Good Seats at Box Office

SUBWAY EXPRESS

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"Should live as long as the Subway itself"—*Evening Post.*

REPUBLIC THEATRE West 42nd Street Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

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"The Perfect Fool"
in ZIEGFELD SENSATION
"SIMPLE SIMON"

PRICES—$1 to $5 & tax. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1 to $3
Seats at Box Office—Mail Orders Filled

MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Lew Leslie's International Revue

Greatest Array of Stars in New York—Cast of 200

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO THEA., W. 42 St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

FLYING HIGH

With BERT LAHR — OSCAR SHAW
SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

JOHN BARRYMORE
in "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S"

CENTRAL THEATRE Broadway and 47th St. | Daily 2:45—6:45 Sun. 3—6—8:45

Warner Bros. and Vitaphone Pictures

AL JOLSON
in "MAMMY"

WARNER BROS. THEA. Broadway and 52nd St. | Daily 2:45—8:45 Sun. 3—6—8:45

Specially equipped seats for the Hard of Hearing. Tickets in advance.

TIFFANY presents
"JOURNEY'S END"

The all-talking screen version of R. C. Sherriff's world-famed play, with a powerful cast, headed by COLIN CLIVE.

Directed by JAMES WHALE

"The picture now showing at the Gaiety Theatre is going to stir you as few other movies have." *New Yorker*

GAIETY Thea., B'way. & 46th St. Twice Daily 2:45—8:45. 3 times Sat. Sun. & Hol. 2:45—5:45—8:45

Midnight Show Every Sat. Night

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Eves. 8:40 | Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40 | 8TH MONTH

DAVID BELASCO presents
"It's a Wise Child"

"A Flawless Cast"—ROBERT GARLAND *Eve. Telegram*

A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

FUNNIEST COMEDY ON EARTH!

6TH MONTH

JOE SMITH & CHAS. DALE and ALEXANDER CARR with LISA SILBERT

MENDEL, INC.

GEO. M. COHAN Theatre, B'way & 43rd St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Seats $1 to $3.

EDGAR SELWYN presents
CLARK & McCULLOUGH
in the new and novel musicoplay
"STRIKE UP THE BAND"

"Will send you home still chuckling, humming, tingling."—*Gabriel, American.*

TIMES SQ. THEATRE, 42 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
Apr. 26, 27, 28: WM. HAINES in "The Girl Said No"; Apr. 29, 30: JACK MULHALL in "Murder Will Out"; May 1, 2: FANNIE BRICE in "Be Yourself."
51ST ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

tures of the moment. At the Roxy this past week they presented the Gaynor-Farrell couplet in "High Society Blues," a facetious effort about social climbing, with musical moments. The length of this picture is formidable. It goes on and on. Youth vanishes as you sit there. You age. You grow wizened and feeble and senile. When the picture manages to end and the usher comes around with your stretcher, you are amazed to find that actually the movie is only about twenty minutes longer than the average. It's one of those illusions of art.

YOU may experience the same sensation, although perhaps not quite so vividly, at Buster Keaton's "Free and Easy." Mr. Keaton speaks; I believe for the first time. Hollywood is the background for this entertainment, not an unfamiliar setting for comedies; nor are any of Mr. Keaton's antics novel to us now.

GENTLEMEN who write short stories are the heroes of both "He Knew Women" (from Behrman's "Second Man") and "Young Man of Manhattan" (from Katharine Brush's novel). The hero of the first gets only five hundred for his story, and the young man of Manhattan lands a straight thousand, but the five-hundred-dollar author is the more entertaining person. The part is played trimly by Lowell Sherman, and, as a minor picture of our disenchanted urban society, the whole thing makes a fair pastime.

"Young Man of Manhattan" is pretty dreary stuff, that old story of the young married couple, both of whom work and have to have engagements with outside people. Claudette Colbert is the busy money-making little wife, but she is by no means at her best in the rôle. That business of going blind because of poisoned liquor is used again. The movies are very reassuring about this threat overhanging us these days. Love, it seems, will cure this ailment.

LAST, but not entirely to be ignored, is the picture made from Zoë Akins' play "The Furies." "The Furies" comes forth in the pictures definitely in the category of mystery films. At the grand finale one of the characters goes mad; which comes, however, as no surprise to the audience. Nor does it distinguish him much from the rest of the cast throughout the whole performance. —J. C. M.

you've got that thing;

that certain cinematic entertainment than which there is no better, when you enter the doors of

the rialto

where there's "paramount on parade" — paramount's assets pass in review— and the figures are most encouraging.

the rivoli— united artists

where george bancroft, in "ladies love brutes" tears things apart to see how they work— and one was a lady what wouldn't.

the criterion

where paramount's "vagabond king" dennis, is still monarch of all he surveys —the broadway visibility is yet very high — come take a look for yourself.

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where there's paramount's "light of the western stars" casting full many a klieg of purest ray serene over zane grey's wide open spaces peopled by mary brian, dick arlen, harry green and horses. helen kane boopadooping at new york. rudy vallee in "vagabond croons" at brooklyn.

luxurious and comfortable,
these are
publix theatres

RECENT BOOKS

Cry in the Wilderness—Hetty Green—Queen Anne Days—Strange Landscape — Advice on Murder — War and Spies

BEARING the sedate imprint of Scribner, Leon Trotsky's autobiography, "My Life," comes as the cry of an exiled soul in the wilderness. What little was clear before in Soviet politics and policies is made inexplicable by Trotsky's book; and yet Trotsky himself—hitherto merely Lenin's vice president—emerges as a comprehensible person. The destiny that urged him to become an advance herald of revolution played him false; the man was a born novelist. In his book, when he attempts to explain his political concepts, those long years as a propagandist and journalist for the Left Wing muddle his writing. When he is talking quite simply about himself, about his childhood, about his family, he writes simply, vigorously, and truthfully.

Trotsky was born in the Ukraine. His parents were Jewish farmers. His early days were not beset by any unusual difficulties; no distressing racial or economic injustices drove the boy into revolutionary fervor. In these early chapters you look eagerly for the emotional impetus that made the man devote his life to overturning the existing social order. The most curious chapter in the book is the one in which he tells of joining the revolutionary movement. After finishing his education, he became a rebel, not from any flaming motive, but because here were adventure, drama, and opportunity. The Revolution was his career; his exile to Siberia brought him melodrama; his sojourns in prison gave him an opportunity of completing his education; his flights to the capitals of Europe and to New York presented him with a wonderful chance to exercise his talents as an agitator.

It is a strange book and it brings you the remarkable picture of a man making a business of revolution. Trotsky worked at his purpose with the persistence and single-mindedness of Rockefeller organizing the Standard Oil. This coupling of the two names is enough to drive Trotsky from Turkey to the South Seas, but nevertheless the two men have lived hypnotized by a vision. Rockefeller saw gold and Trotsky saw red.

For instance, Trotsky's record of his visit to New York is the description of an evangelist calling on just one more town where there were souls to be saved. He saw our wealth and he also saw the unhappy picture of an old man in a bread-line. He was, however, chiefly concerned with bringing strength to the faithful. His own children liked the city and he rather wistfully mentions that the boys always remembered the telephone number of their New York apartment.

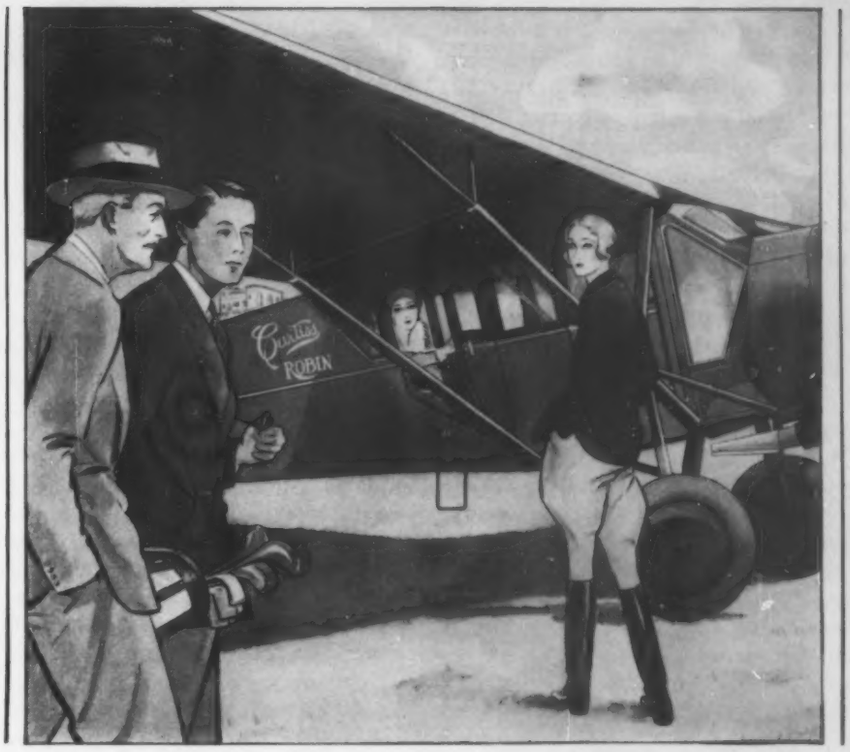
Trotsky had his brief triumph. Vast chapters in the book are given over to those first tumultuous days in Russia before the business was in good running order. The differences between Trotsky and Lenin were temperamental. Trotsky's own defeat, which he explains at baffling length, was the inevitable drama of the prophet who miraculously lived to see his prophecies fulfilled and who was repaid with the proverbial dishonor.

ANOTHER monomaniac is revealed in "Hetty Green," by Boyden Sparkes and Samuel Taylor Moore. Hetty loved cold cash and her tragic passion made her almost a comic-character figure during her lifetime. It has been impossible to keep the grotesque out of her biography. As a man she would have cut a better figure in the world; the spectacle of a lady skinflint is repulsive. The book is amusing because old Hetty was always good publicity. She had a pixie sense of humor and probably, if the truth were known, few women have got more fun out of life. Not for Hetty were the more obvious pleasures of theatres and balls and social carryings-on; she enjoyed the more subtle fun of storing her old clothes in bank vaults, of baiting bank presidents, and of booting out her husband when he became more of a liability than an asset. She played as coyly with Wall Street as Lola Montez did with the King of Bavaria, and her havoc, in financial circles, was more impressive than Peggy Joyce's. Here's the complete story of Hetty, particularly those less press-agented aspects of her early career in New Bedford.

"THE ANT HEAP" is Mr. Edward Knoblock's first novel, and it is

"Young man,
do you expect me
to believe that nice old lady shot him?"

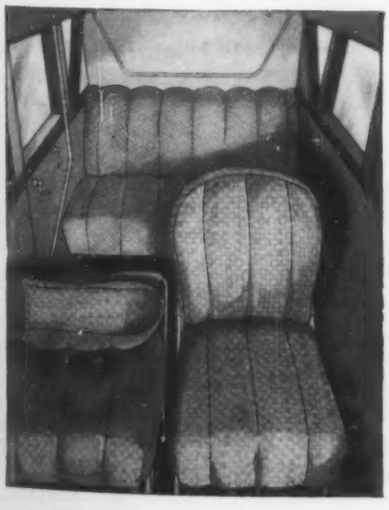
ONE plane *and* FOUR aces



JUNIOR started it. He attended ground school while still in High. Was crazy to fly—and did. Got a job one summer at Columbus Field, crating planes for export. Saved up enough to take a course. Got his license. That was easy. But it's one thing to fly and another to *own* a plane. And nothing less would do. But how?

One day it came to him, like a flash. Curtiss Robin—Robin—Round Robin. That was it—a joint affair. Instead of one plane, one pilot, why not one plane, four pilots? Share the plane, share the fun, share the expense. Four times the flying. One-fourth the investment and over-head.

That's how he sold the idea to dad. Now the Bentleys own a Curtiss Robin. A family plane. They all fly it. Dad, Mother, Sister, Brother. Their friends call them "The Four Aces."



Dad is the ace of clubs—golf clubs. He thinks nothing of flying two hundred miles to his favorite course. In *his* Robin he makes it in two hours. Takes his foursome with him and they think he's a prince. Uses it in business, too. Gets a great kick out of flying to sales conferences and conventions.

Mother's the ace of diamonds. Took up flying for social reasons. Flew *her* Robin and three dowagers to the last D. A. R. convention and landed right in the middle of the front page. Worried? Not a bit of it. She couldn't fly a safer plane. It almost flies itself—but of course the family doesn't tell her that.

Sister, you guessed it, is the ace of hearts. Insists on wearing one of those cute flying suits, though of course she doesn't need it in the snug cabin of *her* Robin. But, heavens, it wouldn't be flying and romance and admiring glances without smart flying clothes.

And Brother is the ace of spades, for it was he who dug up all the facts and figures about one-family planes. Says he's going to write a book, "How to raise a family in a Robin." It was he who made Bentley Senior realize that a family Robin costs but little more to run than the family car, that it was perfectly feasible for all members of the family to operate it, and that it could be bought on the installment plan just as their car was.

The Robin is produced in various models to suit any family and any purse. The 4-place plane, powered with the 185 h. p. Curtiss Challenger engine is priced at $7,995; the 3-place with 165 h. p. Wright Whirlwind, $5,995, and the 3-place powered with the 80 h. p. Curtiss OX5 engine, $2,495. All Robins are cabin planes.

Wheel landing gear is interchangeable with Edo Floats and the Robin may be converted to a seaplane in two hours. Every Curtiss Robin owner enjoys full day and night service at forty Curtiss-Wright Flying Service bases throughout the country.

In the panel above are facts about the Curtiss Robin. Detailed and illustrated literature about this model—the family plane of America—will be gladly sent you if you will write Dept. R-12, Curtiss-Robertson Airplane Mfg. Co., Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT, 27 West 57th Street, New York.

CURTISS ROBIN

For Business · Pleasure · Instruction

a puzzling performance. It is the dark and stormy tale of a bad old scientist whose experiments with human life were what you might call personal. The story is told by the nephew of the wicked gentleman, who is himself the victim of Mephistophelean research. The boy's mission in life is to save the soul of the illegitimate son who was one of the old man's noble experiments. All this leads to much rather sordid melodrama and a great deal of decidedly musty writing.

AS for "Rogue Herries," it is a creditable and credible romantic novel, by Hugh Walpole, laid in the days of Queen Anne. It is notable for the fact that the hero is really of heroic proportions and not just a person of swashbuckling gestures and Od's-bodikins oaths. The Rogue is an authentic human being and no mere straw bad man to frighten and delight the ladies. Also Mr. Walpole has done considerable historic research to give accuracy to his North of England background.

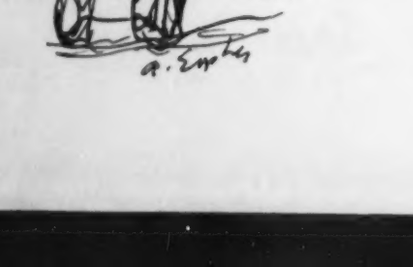
ONCE more Australia comes into the book world, this time with "Coonardoo," a novel by Katharine Susannah Prichard. Here is the eternal drama of the frontier—any frontier—with the usual love story between the pioneering man and the primitive woman. Every newly opened country has its Squaw Man and its native girl. Only the names of the flora and fauna of the background are different. Yet "Coonardoo" is an excellent novel, because it is charmingly written and because it has great feeling and reverence for a strange landscape. It has the beauty and terror of unfamiliar geography.

I REALLY hope that I do not understand what André Gide is writing about in "The Immoralist." In gliding and glittering prose, Mr. Gide tells the story of an appalling marriage. His slender story is filled with treacherous implications and unfathomable subtleties. Much of the story takes place in Northern Africa, a locale that always has had a sinister literary reputation. —A. W. S.

AS if they didn't know that this is an age of specialization, two notorious illustrators have just blossomed forth as writers as well. Don Herold's "Strange Bedfellows," a mixture of the author's memoirs and life maxims, is the faithful account of a long, varied, and somewhat frivolous career. It begins with the early Herold—or fruit-jar-shooting—period, and concludes with an appreciation of what New York traffic does for the artist (Mr. Herold). In between it reveals Mr. Herold's phenomenal rise to membership in the Life Extension Institute, his fried-chicken policy (he always takes the leg, because "it is a compromise between what you would like to have and what you are liable to take out for yourself if you get hysterical"), his attitude toward bread and jelly (a friendly attitude), and the cheering psychological effect of growing a mustache. Mr. Herold's humor is the unforced, good-naturedly satiric variety that pokes fun at small personal idiocies (usually Mr. Herold's) as well as the more epic aberrations of the civilized world. His book is copiously illustrated with his customary sharp-nosed, bespectacled men, women, and children, all looking incredibly kind and foolish.

The other Leonardo to straddle the worlds of art and literature is none other than that quaint engraver, John Held, Jr. His "Grim Youth" consists of ten tales about the more collegiate flank of the younger generation, and his point seems to be that they're a pretty hardboiled lot. He makes his point.

IF you want to get really alarmed about the present state of society, however, read "How to Commit a Murder," by Danny Ahearn. This isn't one of those funny books to take along on a weekend party; it's written, or rather dictated, by a genuine gangster, and the murders and robberies in it are no figment of the imagination. It tells about third-degree methods, the interrelationship between police and criminal, why no true gangster ever bears any malice toward a policeman, and what happens to squealers. It exposes any number of rackets, from crap games to selling old tires for new. It discloses the long, careful planning that often precedes a bank or fur-store hold-up. It lives up to its title literally, giving suggestions, elaborations, and historical examples. In short, as a first-hand picture of the underworld and an unconscious portrayal of gangster psychology, it's extremely interesting. In a way it's even more interesting that such a book as this can be published in a censor-ridden age: apparently as long as the gangsters confine their killings to their own circles, no one is very much bothered, and the subject is one of purely academic interest.



TWO recent war books particularly worth reading are "Four Infantrymen," by Ernst Johannsen, and "Espionage!" by H. R. Berndorff. The former is a German private's account of the summer of 1918, when the Germans were facing defeat, and knew it. Its four characters have no illusions about either glory or victory; their conversation is intelligent, cynical, often witty. The author is not a professional writer but an electrician who was drafted, much to his disgust, at the age of eighteen; his sincerity is apparent. "Espionage!" is a detailed and exciting exposé of the European spy system as it was before, during, and after the war, with several chapters about outstanding figures. Edith Cavell; Colonel Redl of the Austrian Imperial Staff; Germany's greatest spy, the "Lady Doctor;" and many other mysterious people glide in and out; secret codes, stolen plans, false paintings, and mysterious maps turn up (or disappear) on nearly every page. Young girls leap into automobiles and emerge as elderly gentlemen with beards, while elderly gentlemen with beards leap into automobiles and emerge as young girls—all of which seems fair enough.

LEAVING Germany for England, we come to Alec Waugh's "Three Score and Ten," an innocuous novel which deals with several generations of a very dull family and shows (by the remarkable device of placing father and son in opposing law firms) that parents don't always get along awfully well with their children.

Then there's "The Gentleman in the Parlour," by W. Somerset Maugham. Mr. Maugham, having produced little of note since "Of Human Bondage," runs the danger of belonging to that small group known as one-book men, or one-good-book men. Still that's more than most writers can claim, and these particular stories, in-

spired by his travels in the Far East, are written in a pleasant, readable, half-philosophic vein.

OTHER books that you can send to steamships are: "In Quest of the Sun," in which Alain Gerbault, the misanthropic Frenchman who sailed alone for five years, recounts the athletic feats of the simple-minded dolphin; "Down the Tiber and Up to Rome," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein, Geoffrey J. Marks, and Frank A. Wallis—which seems to me noteworthy for being the shortest book I have ever seen that was written by three people, and which is undoubtedly just the thing to give to friends who are going down the Tiber and up to Rome; and "London Is a Man's Town," by Helen Josephy and Mary Margaret McBride. Apparently the truth expressed in this title didn't bother the authoresses at all, and they went around poking their noses into everything so as to be able to tell you who the best Savile Row tailors are, where the Prince of Wales gets his ties, and who the five best-dressed women in England are. —G. H.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Rogue Herries, by Hugh Walpole (*Doubleday, Doran*). Romantic story laid in the period of Queen Anne with a hero that is a hero.

Coonardoo, by Katharine Susannah Prichard (*Norton*). Excellently written novel of pioneer life in Australia.

The Immoralist, by André Gide (*Knopf*). Subtle analysis of a strange marriage.

The Ant Heap, by Edward Knoblock (*Minton, Balch*). A dramatist turns novelist with uncertain success.

Grim Youth, by John Held, Jr. (*Vanguard*). Ten satiric tales of collegiate life, illustrated by the author.

Four Infantrymen, by Ernst Johannsen (*King*). Character study of four German soldiers during the summer of 1918. Intelligent and sincere.

Dandelion Days, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). Unusually fine novel of schoolboy life in rural England. Written with charm and humor.

The Seventh Gate, by Muriel Harris (*Harper*). A novel with an amusing and original idea: the story of a psychoanalytical Trilby.

Gallows' Orchard, by Claire Spencer (*Cape & Smith*). A distinguished first novel that deserves your attention—beautifully told tragedy of Scottish village life.

Bystander, by Maxim Gorki, translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney (*Cape & Smith*). A novel of the revolution of the individual soul that will probably rank with the best of Tolstoi and Dostoievski.

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber (*Doubleday, Doran*). Colorful, cinematic novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma. Recommended with pleasure.

The Party Dress, by Joseph Hergesheimer (*Knopf*). Sex in a country club, and another good reason why women go wrong.

Huntsman in the Sky, by Granville Toogood (*Brewer & Warren*). The struggle of a creative artist against Philadelphia society.

The Kramer Girls, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). Family life in a small town in Iowa, recorded with feeling.

The Company, by Edwin Seaver (*Macmillan*). Satiric and sympathetic sketches of the cogs in a Big Business machine.

Bottom Dogs, by Edward Dahlberg (*Simon & Schuster*). The story of the son of a lady barber, with some fine realistic writing.

Vile Bodies, by Evelyn Waugh (*Cape & Smith*). Celestial satire for the intelligent.

Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). Old Testament stories interpreted by a Negro preacher. To be read after seeing "The Green Pastures."

The 42nd Parallel, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*). Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking*). Life, with a background of old Kentucky.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

Mysteries

The Wychford Poisoning Case, by Anthony Berkeley (*Crime Club*). . . . The Gloyne Murder, by Carl Clausen (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . Death Traps, by Kay Cleaver Strahan (*Crime Club*). . . . Through the Eyes of the Judge, by Bruce Graeme (*Lippincott*). . . . The House of the Vanishing Goblets, by The Eddingtons (*Century*). . . . The Avenging Parrot, by Anne Austin (*Greenberg*). . . . The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (*Farrar & Rinehart*). . . . The Master of the Day of Judgment, by Leo Perutz (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). . . . Murder on the Marsh, by John Ferguson (*Dodd, Mead*).

General

My Life, by Leon Trotsky (*Scribner*). The story of a revolutionist written by a man who might have been a great novelist.

Hetty Green, by Boyden Sparkes and Samuel Taylor Moore (*Doubleday, Doran*). The amusing career of a girl with a passion for cold cash.

Strange Bedfellows, by Don Herold (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Frivolous memoirs and life maxims of a well-known artist. The text is as funny as the illustrations.

How to Commit a Murder, by Danny Ahearn (*Ives Washburn*). First-hand picture of the underworld, dictated by a genuine gangster. Lives up to its title.

Espionage!, by H. R. Berndorff (*Appleton*).

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SEVEN HORIZONS, by Charles J. Finger (*Doubleday, Doran*). Autobiographical travel book interesting for the author's opinionated observations as well as for its persons and places.

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COLUMBUS: DON QUIXOTE OF THE SEAS, by Jacob Wassermann (*Little, Brown*). Superior biography interesting both for its point of view and for its sharp light on an obscure and tragic character.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the year's books.

IS SEX NECESSARY?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

PETER ARNO'S PARADE (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

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ANAGRAM RHYMES—VII

[ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS PRINTED ON PAGE 58]

I.—Tingle, ringlet, relenting, reenlighten.

II.—Engine, genuine, ingénues, unseeing.

III.—Idols, solid, soiled, melodies, solemnized.

IV.—Mikes, kismet, mistake, makeshift.

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HARRY STONE

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OUT OF TOWN

To Florida for Fish—News from the Continent—Resorts Nearer Home

FROM now until June is the season for the best sea fishing in Florida. While Palm Beach wanes, Key West bristles with rod and reel, for it is to this little outpost at the tip of Florida that a horde of determined enthusiasts is wending its way. There are more serious anglers in Key West today than Izaak Walton ever dreamed of. The town furnishes comfortable hotel accommodations and sea fishermen can hire launches very reasonably. These boats have a small cabin where two persons may sleep, more or less conveniently, so it is possible to remain on the water over a night or two if necessary, although there are few varieties of sea fish which cannot be caught within fifteen miles of Key West.

Another fishing resort popular at this time is Pirate's Cove, on the line of the Florida East Coast Railroad, eighteen miles nearer the mainland than Key West. This colony consists of a new group of bungalows, with a dining-hall and lounge-room, so located that fishermen can easily go out into the Gulf Stream for sailfish or into the Gulf of Florida for bonefish. Pirate's Cove will probably stay open until June.

THERE is also Long Key. The Florida East Coast Railroad maintains a fishing lodge and a group of bungalows here, but for some reason closes them the first week in April, when the real fishermen start to arrive. However, this place is an excellent centre for those who have launches or houseboats from which to operate. It is popularly supposed (and I think with good reason) that, from the end of April on, tarpon-fishing on the West Coast is superior to that along the Florida Keys.

A fourth concentration point is Boca Grande—a group of cottages and a hotel (the Useppa Inn) on a small island off the West Coast. It is regarded by connoisseurs as ideal for tarpon-fishing, and usually remains open until June. Launches with competent fishermen for guides may be hired for $10 or $12 a day.

NOW that hundreds of American travellers are beginning to study foreign timetables, it is good news to learn that the French are shortening the boat-train runs from Havre and Cherbourg to Paris. New crack locomotives are being ordered for the Cherbourg service and will eventually cut down the usual six-hour run to four hours and a quarter. On the Havre line, by routing trains directly to the embarkation quais, rather than trailing them first through the entire town of Havre, and by eliminating the customary stop at Rouen for water, the journey to and from the French Line boats has been reduced to two hours and a half. When one thinks of the agonies endured on the way to Paris in stuffy compartments, this is an occasion for *Te Deums*. I once rode from Cherbourg with two bearded gentlemen who ate onions and fondled a French poodle. It was a memorable event.

M. Raoul Dautry, director-general of the French State Railways, is doing wonders for the benefit of American visitors. In addition to shortening running times, he announces that fifty all-steel parlor cars, with individual chairs, are under construction for the boat trains. Half of these cars will also be equipped with kitchens and bars in an effort to do away with the complicated trek to the restaurant car. Meals and drinks, at any hour of the journey, will thus be served to the passenger at his own seat.

Furthermore, a plan is under way to bring trains from the transatlantic ports into the Gare des Invalides, via Sèvres, instead of into the Gare St. Lazare. The date for this change has not been fixed, but it will probably be some time in June. Travellers who desire further enlightenment on any of these points may address themselves when in Paris to Miss Edna Nicoll, who is Engineer Counsel to the French State Railways and has been retained for special service to Americans. Miss Nicoll speaks perfect English, has lived and worked in New York, and knows American requirements. She is to be found at her State offices, 13 Rue d'Amsterdam (which is the Gare St. Lazare's side-street address), or, better, at her private offices, 42 Rue Pasquier.

I UNDERSTAND, by the way, that the Côte d'Azur Pullman Express, which made its maiden trip from Paris to the Riviera in December, is meeting with enormous success. The schedule of this smart new train is such that it is possible, by leaving Paris in the morning, to reach Monte Carlo before midnight, stopping at Marseille, Cannes, and Nice en route. Ventimiglia, on the Franco-Italian frontier, is the terminal station. An entirely new departure in Continental trains is featured on this service. It is called the "drawing-room smoking-room car;" it is in the centre of the train; and it is supposed to be like an American club car. One may dance in it, to the music of an electric phonograph, while tea, drinks, and light refreshment are served. Americans who have travelled in the Pullman Express say it is a knockout, and even superior to its elders—the Golden Arrow, the North Star, and the Bluebird.

FRENCH railways are becoming increasingly interested in the comfort of their passengers, as is evidenced by these improvements. Several months ago I travelled from Budapest to Vienna listening to radio. I now learn that this system, whereby the conductor provides passengers with ear-phone attachments which they plug into the wall, is about to be adopted on some of the French trains.

While I'm on the subject of progress, I might add that new connections between the Simplon-Orient Express and the Asiatic Railroads beyond Haidar Pasha now make it possible to go from Paris to Bagdad in eight days.

I CAN honestly recommend Atlantic City for an after-Easter rest. You will find that a number of people from New York and Philadelphia stay there at this time, after the crowds have gone. Also, there are several charming spots in the Poconos. It is the age-old dilemma—the mountains or the seashore. Either horn is satisfactory. Dinner clothes and jodhpurs will see you through practically anything just now, from Mont Blanc to the Indian Ocean. —G. A.

•

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SIT right down there. . . . No, on that chair. That's right. It's a little wobbly but it won't break. I'll have my charts ready in just a minute. I was out all morning and just got back for your appointment. I've got plenty of time, though, now, to give you your full half-hour.

Now, when's your birthday? The exact hour you were born. . . . Are you sure about that? Who told you? . . . Oh, your mother. Well, it ought to be about right, then, don't you think? Now the year. . . . Not nineteen-five? You'll have to talk a little louder. I'm a little deaf. Now wait until I look it up.

Pisces. Oh, that's as good a month as any. There's something good in any birthday, I always say. Aquarius, Uranus, Neptune. I can tell Neptune people any time. I said "A Neptune person" as soon as I saw you. Independent. Brave. Unafraid. You're not afraid of anything, are you? I could tell that without even seeing your chart. I could tell that the minute you came in. Uranus. The sun. There. That's your chart. Well, now, let me see . . .

You have never been married, have you? . . . Oh, you have been married? More than once? . . . Oh, you've been married twice, have you? . . . Oh, I would have found that all out later on. I always say the first thing that comes to me and it seemed to me at first glance you hadn't been married. Because of your independence, I guess. Always unafraid and brave. You're not afraid of anything. You always look the world in the face. Unafraid.

Have you ever tried to do anything in the artistic line? I think you'd make a good dancer. . . . Yes, you do seem a little heavy for a dancer, that's right. Have you ever tried dancing? Have you ever tried anything else artistic? . . . Oh, you paint. That's very nice, I'm sure. You see, I knew there was something artistic there the minute I looked at your horoscope. I knew that you'd have luck in an artistic way. At first glance I thought it was dancing but it could be painting just as well. You see many people. You're among a lot of people all the time. I knew that. When I was younger I always did a lot of mixing with people in an artistic way. I went to a studio once.

NOW, let me see. . . . What's in your chart? There's only half an hour and I like to give everybody a full reading of their life. I like to give them something to take away with them, something constructive. I've been reading horoscopes for thirty-five years and I believe in it absolutely. There are a lot of professional astrologists who really aren't any good at all. I've studied my subject. I know I could have a bigger apartment and a secretary and a maid—a lot more rooms and show, but what good would that do me? Why pay a hundred dollars a week more for that? It's comfortable, just having one room, and more informal, and I can give everyone a lot of personal attention.

Your horoscope is very good. You're an idealist. People take advantage of you. Yes, they do. You have too much faith in them and then they do something to disappoint you. You're an idealist, too. I guess that's why I thought you were never married. Well, I always say that some people get along better single and some married. It all depends on their temperament. It is always best to make the best of a poor bargain, though. You might as well stay married. . . . Oh, you *want* to stay married. . . . Oh, I see! Well, I never advise people to change anything or break up their lives. People come to me and tell me they can't get along with their husbands, but after I look up their husbands' horoscopes I find that the husbands have better aspects for the year than the wives have, so I always say: "Stick to your husband. Make the best of a bad bargain!" No use to break up their homes.

OH, you want to know about your future? Well, now, let's see. There's no sign of money coming to you so I don't know whether you'll make any or not. About normal, I would say. Last year was a good year for you, wasn't it? . . . Oh, it wasn't. Well, then the year before. Well, in four or five years from now you'll have very good luck. I'd be careful up to then.

There are changes coming into your life. I can see that. Within the next six years your life will change completely. You have some fine luck ahead. And in fifteen or sixteen years you'll have another good period.

Your husband's got very good aspects, now. I'd keep him. If you do leave him you'll get another husband and it wouldn't be any different. You're the kind of woman that marries and marries, but the husbands are all

just about alike, and this is about the best husband you'd get. Now about your first husband. He didn't marry again, did he? . . . Oh, he did marry again? He has a peculiar disposition. You better keep the husband you have. . . . Oh, you intend to. Well, that's a wise idea. He is as good as you'll do. If you marry again—but then I can't tell you that because I haven't got the birthday of your third husband. . . . Oh, you don't intend ever to marry again. Well, I think you're doing the wise thing to put up with your second husband.

Your health has been especially good this year, hasn't it? . . . Not so very? Well, then it's going to be very good next year. One of your relatives will have bad health. No, not your husband. . . . Oh, you haven't any other relatives. Well then, you're going to have a money loss of some kind. There's going to be a change. A change in business. . . . You're not in business? Well, then it must mean some other kind of change. It's funny about how some people come in to me about changes. There's one man who's going to send a friend in today. He's always sending someone in. He wouldn't do the least thing without advice from me. Not the least thing. He's awfully funny that way.

WELL, you got ten minutes left. I never try to hurry anyone. I don't know what to tell you in this ten minutes but I want to give you your full half-hour. All the advice I can give you is to keep on with your husband. I wouldn't change. He has some good aspects. And a husband's good luck is a wife's good luck, I always say. If you did change, you wouldn't do a bit better. This other change I spoke of means meeting new people. You are very brave and fearless and you're not afraid of anything.

I hope I've helped you. There's so much to astrology. It can do such a lot for a person. It just opens up life like a book. I've been practicing now for thirty-five years and I can watch life open up like a book day by day. . . . Yes, five dollars. I don't charge twenty dollars like some of these professionals with offices and secretaries do. —THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

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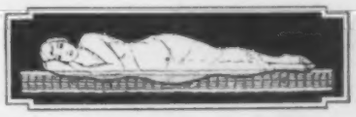

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